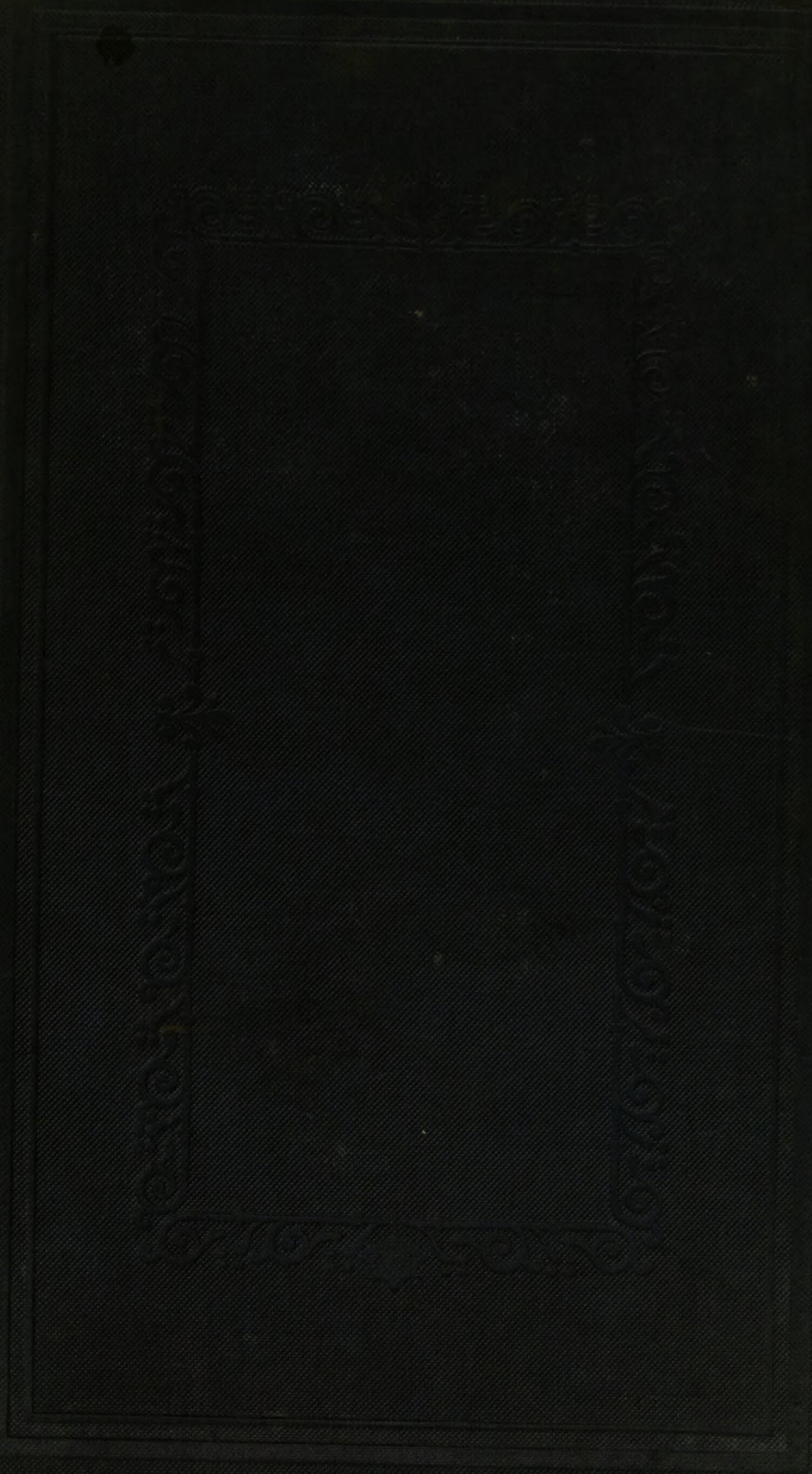


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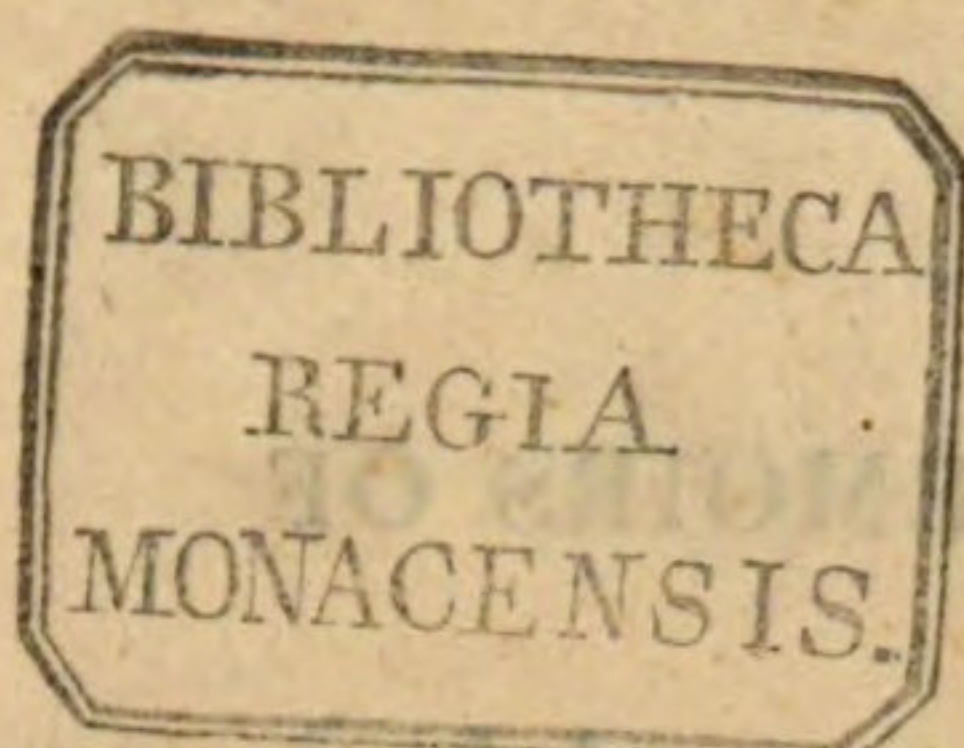
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John Hawkwood.

Published by I. Cautfield. 1793.



MEMOIRS

OF

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

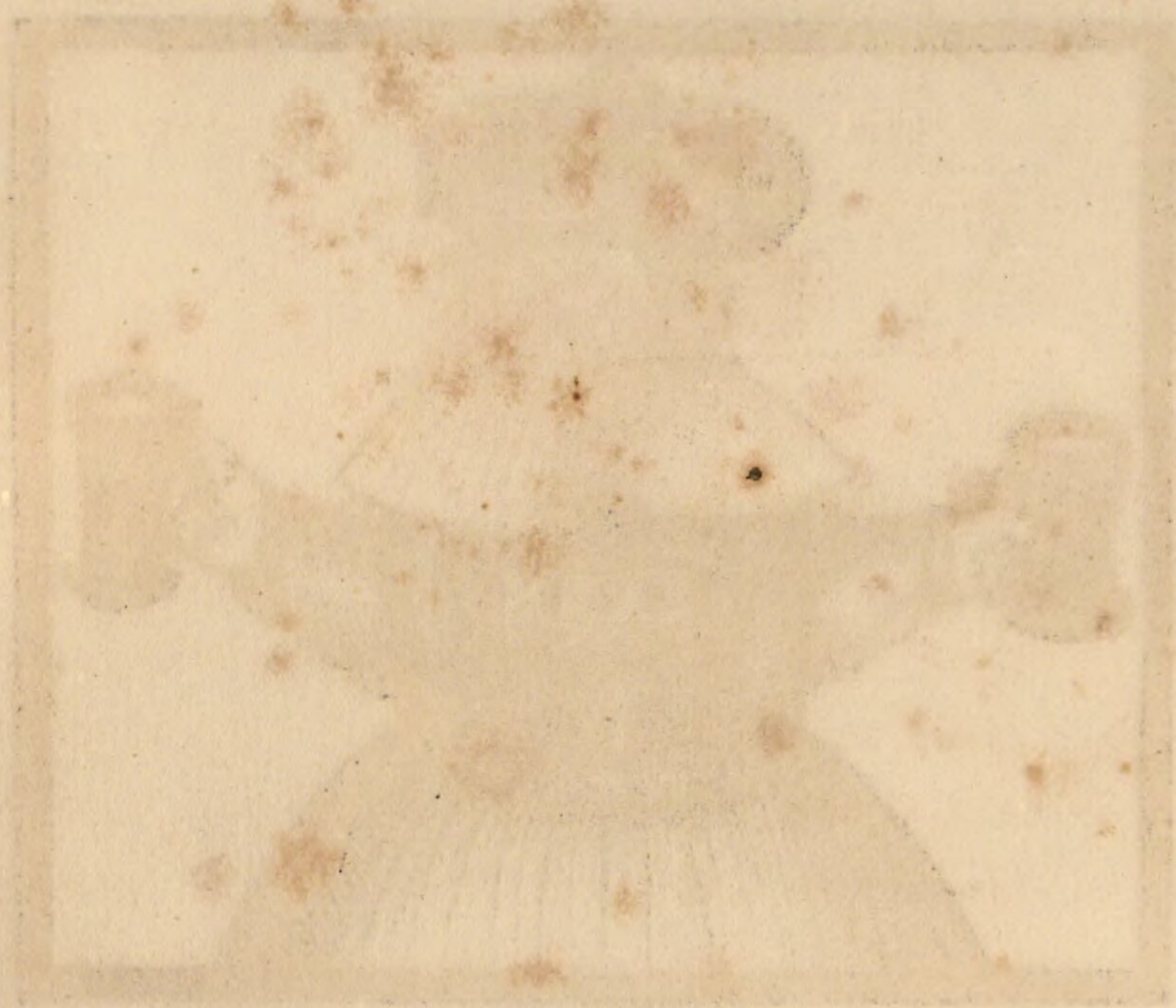
JOHN HAWKWOOD.

[EDWARD III.]
NO hero had ever a greater hand in forming himself, and framing his own fortune, than Sir John Hawkwood*. He was the son of a tanner, at Hedingham-Sibil, in Essex, where he was born, in the reign of Edward III. He was bound apprentice to a tailor, in London; but, being fortunately pressed into the army, was sent abroad, where his genius, which had been cramped and confined to the shop, soon expanded itself, and surmounted the narrow prejudices which adhered to his birth and occupation. He signalized himself

* In an uncommon book, intituled, *The Honour of the Tailors; or, The Famous and Renowned History of Sir John Hawkwood, Knight*, is a recital of several worthy, magnificent, and charitable acts, of the Merchant Tailors, as they are found upon record.

as a soldier, in France and Italy; and particularly at Pisa, in Florence. He commanded, with great ability and success, in the army of Galeazzo, Duke of Milan; and was so much in esteem with Barnabas, his brother, that he gave him Domitia, his natural daughter, in marriage, with an ample fortune. But he afterwards, from motives which we cannot well account for, and that seem to reflect upon his honour, turned his arms against his father-in-law.

He died at Florence, full of years and military fame, in 1384. Having gained among the Florentines, the character of the best soldier of the age, they erected a sumptuous monument to his memory. Paul Jovius, the celebrated biographer of illustrious men, hath written his elegy. He, in the monumental inscription, and the "Elogia," is stiled Joannes Acutus; hence it is that some of our travellers have, in their journals, mentioned him under the name of John Sharp, the great Captain. *See more of him in Morant's "Essex," vol. ii. p. 387.*



ELINOR RVMMIN,

The famous Ale-wife of *England*.

Written by Mr. *Skelton*, Poet Laureat to King
Henry the eight.



*When Skelton wore the Lawrell Crowne,
My Ale put all the Ale-wiues downe.*

L O N D O N

Printed for *Samuel Rand* 1624.

From the Original, in the Library of the Cathedral Church
at Lincoln.

ELYNOUR RUMMIN.

HENRY the Eighth's reign abounded with poetical productions, in small pamphlets, in loose sheets, and other forms: amongst the writers of them John Skelton was one of the most remarkable; and though he is deservedly commended for his other works, yet the most comical of all his pamphlets is that of Elynour Rummin, the famous Ale-wife of England, &c. with the picture in the title-page, representing an old ill-favoured woman holding in her hand a pot of ale, and underwritten with these verses.

WHEN SKELTON WORE THE LAWRELL CROWNE,
MY ALE PUT ALL THE ALE-WIVES DOWNE.

Elynour Rummin lived at Leatherhead, in Surrey, and kept a public house remarkable for the excellence of its ale. Skelton, who was probably a good customer to the house, has celebrated the mistress in a poem of considerable

length, abounding with as much obscenity and ribaldry, as wit; in describing her person he says :

Her nose some deale hooked, and curiously crooked,
Never stopping, but ever droping ;
Her skin loose and slacke, grain'd like a sacke,
With a crooked backe.

In the description of her dress he observes ;

———— her furred frocket, and gray russed rocket,
Her huke of Lyncolne green, it had been her's I ween,
More than fortie yeare ; and so it doth appeare,
Wither'd like hay, the wool worne away ;
Her kirtill Bristow red, with clothes on her hed,
That waigh a sow of lead.
With a whim-wam, knit with a trim-tram,
Upon her brain-pan, like an Egyptian.
And yet I dare say, she thinks herself gay,
Upon the holyday, when she doth array.
And this comely dame, I understand her name
Is Elynour Rummin, at home in her wonning,
And as men say, she dwelt in Sothray,*
In a certain steed, beside Lederhede.
But to make up my tale, she breweth nappy ale,
And makes thereof pot-sale.

* In the head-line to the pamphlet she is styled, "Elynour Rummin, the famous Ale-wife of London." It is likely, Skelton did not know her when she lived at Leatherhead, but became her customer in town.



S. Harding del.

R. Clamp Sculp.

WILLIAM SOMMERS
King Henry the Eighth's Jester
from an ancient Picture in the Collection of
Richard Aldworth Neville Esq.^r

Pub.^d Oct 6th 1794 by Caulfield & Herbert.

WILLIAM SUMMERS.

WILL SUMMERS was some time a servant in the family of Richard Farmor, Esq. of Eston-Neston, in Northamptonshire, ancestor to the Earl of Pomfret. This gentleman was found guilty of a *præmunire* in the reign of Henry VIII. for sending eight-pence, and a couple of shirts, to a priest convicted of denying the king's supremacy, who was then a prisoner in the gaol at Buckingham. The rapacious monarch seized whatever he was possessed of, and reduced him to a state of miserable dependance. Will Summers, touched with compassion for his unhappy master, is said to have dropped some expressions in his last illness, which reached the conscience of that merciless prince, and caused the remains of his estate, which had been much dismembered, to be restored to him. In the year 1676 was published, "A pleasant History of the life and death of Will Summers;" a great part of which is taken from

“The Merry Jests and Witty Shifts of Scoggin,” as collected by Andrew Barde. Among those that appear genuine, and most deserving notice, is that in which the king and cardinal are concerned ; and, though vulgar, is for ready wit the best in the collection. At the end of the book is the following epitaph.

Stay, traveller; guess who lies here—
I tell thee, neither lord nor peer ;
No knight, no gentleman of note,
That boasts him of his ancient coat,
Which heralds curiously emblazon,
For men (well skill'd therein) to gaze on :
Know, then, that this was no such man ;
And I'll express him as I can.
He that beneath this tomb-stone lies,
Some call'd a fool, some held him wise ;
For which who better proof can bring,
Than to be favour'd by a king ?
And yet again we may misdoubt him—
A king hath always fools about him.
Is he more idiot than the rest,
Who in a guarded coat can jest ?
Or can he wisdom's honour gain,
That is all bravery, and no brain ?
Sure no such things: wit truly bred
I' th' habit lies not, but i' th' head.
But whether he was fool or knave,
He now lies sleeping in his grave,
Who never in his life found match,
Unless the card'nal's fool, call'd Patch ;

WILL, SUMMERS'S ARMOUR



*as preserved in the tower of London ...
Pub. as the Act directed by J. Herbert, Pall Mall. 1. June 1794. ...*

Of whom some courtiers, who did see
Them two alone, might say, "We three!"
And 't may be fear'd it is a phrase
That may be us'd still in these days.
Well, more of him what should I say?—
Both fools and wise men turn to clay;
And this is all we have to trust,
That there's no difference in their dust.
Rest quiet, then, beneath this stone
To whom late Archee was a drone.

In the armoury of the Tower of London is preserved the armour made for him when he attended the king to Boulogne; which is embellished with a likeness of him cut in wood, and painted to resemble the life; with a very large pair of spectacles and horns. The reason given for his being thus represented is, that having a handsome wife, who is said to have cuckolded him, he would not believe he wore horns on his head till he put his spectacles on, when he was thoroughly convinced.



JOHN JARVIS.



THE statue of this dwarf, from which the print is taken, has, according to traditionary information, been more than two hundred years in the family of the present possessor. It is most inimitably carved in oak, and coloured to resemble the life*. The most that can be gathered concerning his personal history is, that he was page of honour to Queen Mary. He died in the year 1558, aged 57 years; as appears by the dates painted at the back of the statue, on the girdle.

* Dr. Hugh Kennedy, of Hornchurch, in Essex, used frequently to relate the following story of this statue. "An old woman coming to his house for advice or medicine, chanced to have an oblique view of this Jarvis through the glass of the door; and tapping at the window, cried, 'Boy, is your master at home?' To which interrogatory getting no answer, nor seeing the supposed boy move, she more vehemently repeats the question, and noise against the window; which bringing a servant, the old woman lodged a formal complaint against the insolence of the boy's behaviour, and threatened to inform his master, in order to have him chastised."



Walker pinx^t 1795

Engrav'd by Clamp

John Jarvis

3 Feet 8 Inches high died 1560 aged 57 years

From the Original Statue in the Possession of Geo. Walker Esq. Winchester Row, Lisbon Green

Published March 1. 1796 by I. Caulfield



OLD SCARLET
Sexton of Peterborough Cathedral

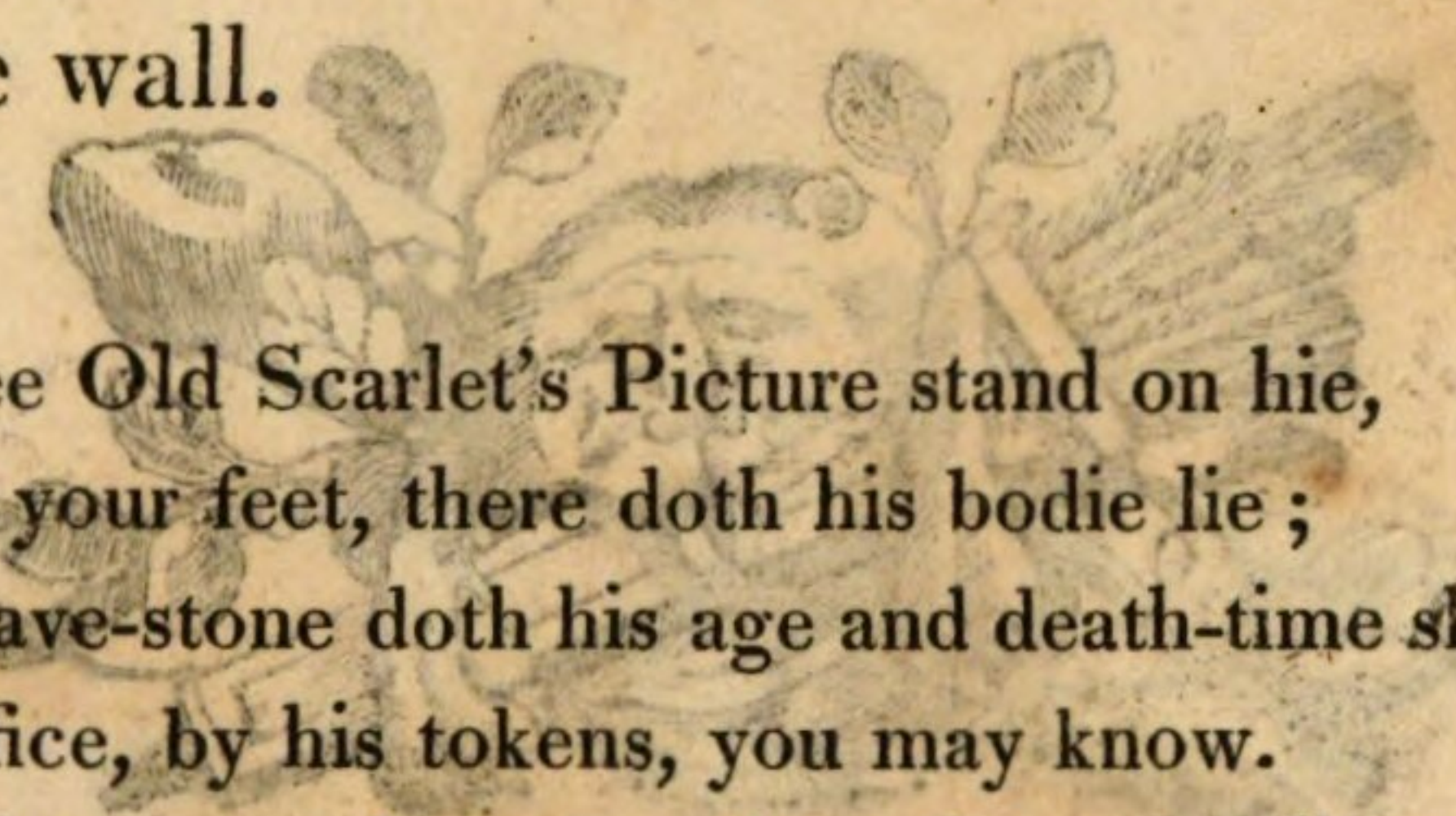
Published by I. Caulfield 1793

Twice over : but at length his owne turne came,
 What he for others did, for him the same
 Was done : no doubt his soul doth live for aye
 In heaven ; his bodie lieth in clay.

OLD SCARLET.

— On a square stone below —

AT the west end of the Cathedral of Peterborough, in Northamptonshire, hangs a portrait of Old Scarlet, formerly Sexton of that church, copied from a more ancient painting, destroyed by time and damp ; the fragments of which are still remaining. He is drawn at full length, having about him the insignia of his office, such as the mattock, spade, &c. Under the picture are the following verses, likewise hanging up against the wall.



You see Old Scarlet's Picture stand on hie,
 But at your feet, there doth his bodie lie ;
 His grave-stone doth his age and death-time shewe,
 His office, by his tokens, you may know.
 Second to none for strength, and sturdye limm,
 A scare-babe mighty voice, with visage grim.
 Hee had enterr'd* two queens within this place,
 And this townes house-holders in his lives space

* Catherine, divorced by Henry VIII. and Mary Queen of Scots, afterwards removed to Windsor.

Twice over: but at length his owne turne came,
 What he for others did, for him the same
 Was done: no doubt his soul doth live for aye
 In heaven; though here his body's clad in clay.

On a square stone below—

July 2, 1594.

R S.

Ætatis 98.



* Catherine, divorced by Henry VIII. and Mary Queen of
 Scots, afterwards removed to Windsor.



John Slade † John Bode

These two are commonly Join'd together because they were try'd and condemn'd at the same time, and for the same cause, tho they neither Suffered at the same place nor on the same day; Stow thus mentions them in his Chronicle of 1583. John Slade Schoolmaster, and John Bode Master of Arts, being both condemn'd of High Treason for maintaining of Roman Power, were drawn, hanged, boweled & quartered.

From a Rare Print in the Collection of
Sir W. Musgrave Bart.

Pub^d by J. Caulfield March 21st 1796.

JOHN SLADE, AND JOHN BODY.

MR. SLADE was born in Dorsetshire; and, after his education at home in grammar learning, going abroad, was, for some time, a student in the canon and civil law in the University of Douay, and a convictor of the English college in that city, and therefore has a place in Raissius's Catalogue of the Martyrs of that community. At his return home, having little or no opportunity of exercising his talent in the law, in the circumstances of the catholics in this kingdom, he became a schoolmaster, as noticed by Stow, which occupation he followed until apprehended for recusancy.

Mr. Body was born in the city of Wells, in Somersetshire; his father was a wealthy merchant there, and had been mayor of the town. He was brought up in New College, Oxford, where he took his degree of master in arts; and for some time studied the canon and civil law: but not

liking the established religion, he went over to Douay college, (the common refuge in those days of such as left England for the catholic cause), where he arrived, May 1, 1577, and was for some time a convictor in that house. After his return home, both he and Mr. Slade were so zealous in maintaining the old religion, that they were apprehended upon that account, and prosecuted upon the article of the supremacy.

They were arraigned together at Winchester, tried and condemned; but what was rather singular, they were twice sentenced upon the same indictment. Mr. Slade was hanged, drawn, and quartered, at Winchester, October 30; and Mr. Body, at Andover, November 2, 1583.





MARGARET VERGH GRYLFITH.

Aged 60.—1588.

Exhibited with a Horn in her forehead, 4 inches long.

Pub.^d Aug.^r 6. 1813. by R. S. Kirby, 11. London House Yard.

MARGARET VERGH GRYIFITH.

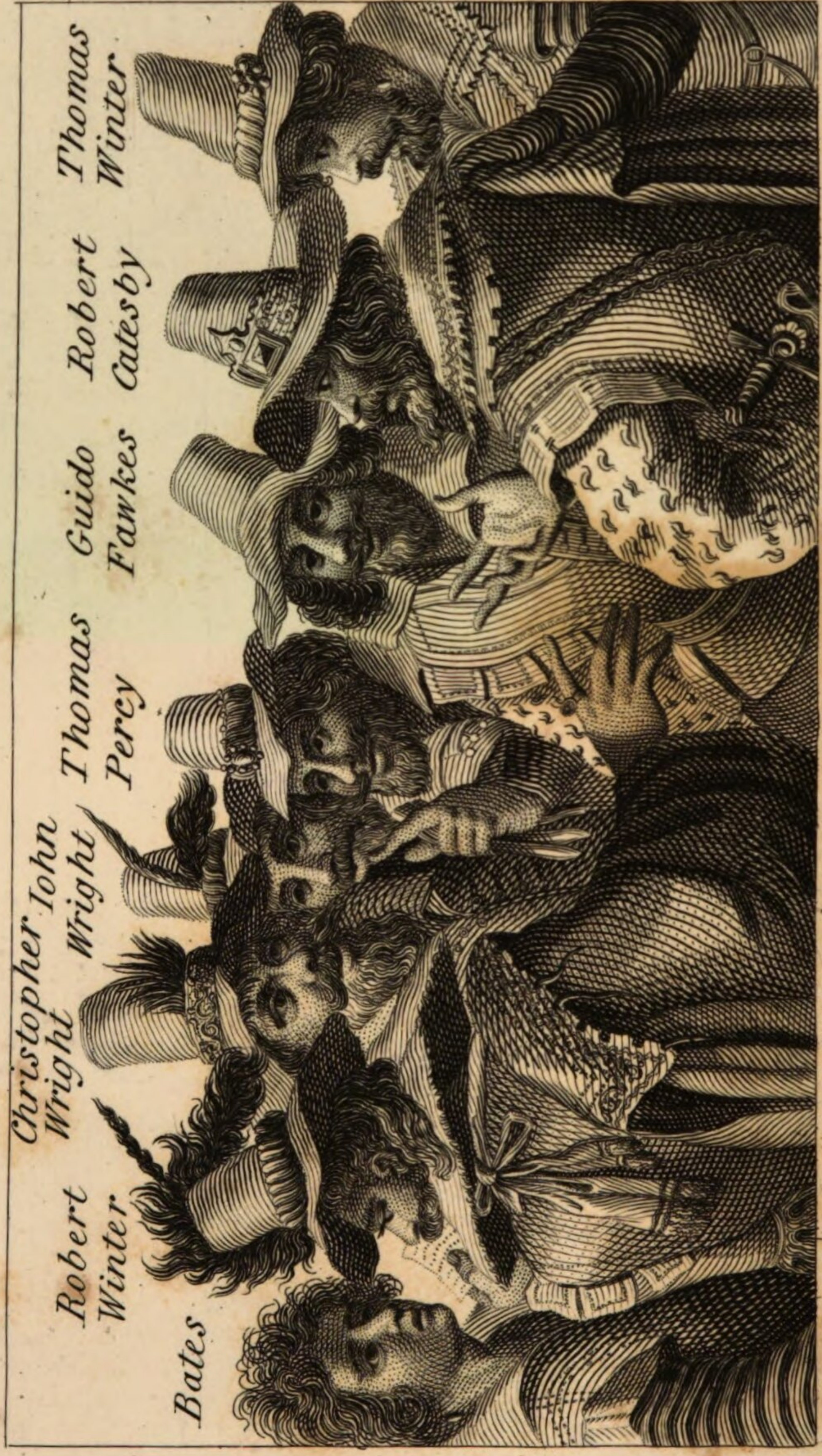
THIS Welch woman was the wife of a David Owyn of the parish of Llahan Gaduain, in the county of Montgomery, but like several married women in Scotland at the present time, went by her father's surname in preference to that of her husband's: it is extremely probable she came to London to be exhibited as a wonderful phænomemon, but all we can learn of her is from the title-page of a rare tract, which doubtless contained an account of her personal history, though we have only been able to procure the frontispiece containing her portrait, with the following inscription:

"A myraculous and monstrous, but yet most true and certayne discourse of a woman, (now to be seen in London), of the age of threescore years or thereabouts, in the midst of whose forehead, by the wonderfull worke of God, there groweth out a crooked horne of four ynches long. Imprinted at London, by Thomas Orwin, and are to be sold by Edward White, dwelling at the little north dore of Paul's Church, at the signe of the Gun, 1588."

There are several instances of similar excrescences, and a horn from the head of a man is said to be in the possession of Mr. Ashley Cooper, the celebrated surgeon. As late as the year 1812, we have an account of a Mrs. Bumby*, who died April 7, at Ekring, in Hampshire, in the eightieth year of her age. In the former part of her life she acted in the capacity of a school-mistress, till the age of fifty, at which time she married, and on the day of her marriage, immediately after coming from church, a mental derangement took place, from which she never wholly recovered. What is very remarkable, a horn sprung within the last few years from one side of her forehead, and grew in a crooked form to the length of nearly six inches: another also made its appearance, but owing, as it is supposed, to her frequently rubbing it, its growth was stopped.

* Hampshire Telegraph, Monday, April 13, 1812.





<i>Robert Winter Bates</i>	<i>Christopher John Wright</i>	<i>Thomas Percy</i>	<i>Guido Fawkes</i>	<i>Robert Catesby</i>	<i>Thomas Winter</i>
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Robt. G. & J. 1794 by Robert & Campbell London.

THE GUNPOWDER CONSPIRATORS.

OF all the interesting events in the English History, there is none that is involved in so much obscurity as the *Gunpowder Treason*; every attempt to develope it being defeated by the extreme caution with which it was conducted: and it remains a question yet to be solved, which was the most astonishing; the policy of the *Jesuits* in the contrivance, or the intrepidity of those who were to have been the *Actors*, in the intended execution of it.

The best historical account is given by Hume, which is here transcribed, with the addition of several Biographical notices not generally known; intended to illustrate the portraits which are here given. The relation of Hume is as follows:

WE are now to relate an event, one of the most memorable that history has conveyed to posterity, and containing at once a singular proof both of the strength and weakness of the human mind; it's widest departure from morals, and most steady attachment to religious prejudices. 'Tis the *Gunpowder Treason* of which I speak; a fact as certain as it appears incredible.

The Roman Catholics had expected great favour and indulgence on the accession of James, both as

he was descended from Mary, whose life they believed to have been sacrificed to their cause, and as he himself, in his early youth, was imagined to have shewn some partiality towards them, which nothing, they thought, but interest and necessity had since restrained. It is pretended, that he had even entered into positive engagements to tolerate their religion, as soon as he should mount the throne of England; whether their credulity had interpreted in this sense some obliging expressions of the king's, or that he had employed such an artifice, in order to render them favourable to his title. Very soon they discovered their mistake; and were at once surprised and amazed to find James, on all occasions, express his intention of strictly executing the laws enacted against them, and of persevering in all the vigorous measures of Elizabeth. Catesby*, a gentleman of good parts

* ROBERT CATESBY,

of Ashby, in the county of Leicester, was a gentleman of good property and estimation, and had so winning a manner, as to possess every one who knew him with a most extravagant liking to his company: insomuch, that several of the persons concerned in this conspiracy, frankly confessed they were drawn into it more in conse-



ROB^T. CATESBY..
One . of The Conspirators..
in the . GUNPOWDER PLOT ..

Pub. juⁿ 1 1794. by I. Caulfield & Herbert

and of an ancient family, first thought of a most extraordinary method of revenge; and he opened his intentions to Piercy, a descendant of the illustrious house of Northumberland. In one of their conversations with regard to the distressed condition of the Catholics, Piercy broke into a sally of passion, and mentioned assassinating the king; Catesby took the opportunity of revealing to him a nobler and more extensive plan of treason, which

quence of his persuasion, than any conviction in their own minds, of the propriety of the cause they had embarked in. Catesby entered with such spirit into this business, that in the course of a few months, he was obliged to call in some monied persons to carry it on with that spirit that was necessary. In consequence of which, with the advice and concurrence of Piercy, Winter, Fawkes, &c. he opened the plot to Sir Everard Digby, and afterwards to Francis Tresham, Esq.: the first of whom promised fifteen hundred pounds, and the latter two thousand, to purchase such materials as were wanting to carry the plot into execution. Upon the discovery of Fawkes's apprehension, Catesby, in company of Piercy, the Winters, Wrights, &c. betook themselves to flight, and were overtaken at Holbeach, in Staffordshire, where, at the house of Stephen Littleton, after a desperate sally, Catesby and Piercy were killed with one shot. To this circumstance may be attributed the mystery that surrounds the *Gunpowder Treason*, as Catesby was the only person who could have given a satisfactory evidence, he being the only layman, Garnet the superior of the Jesuits, would confer with on this subject.

not only included a sure execution of vengeance, but afforded some hopes of restoring the Catholic religion in England.

In vain, said he, would you put an end to the king's life: he has children, who would succeed both to his crown and to his maxims of government. In vain would you extinguish the whole royal family: the nobility, the gentry, the parliament, are all infected with the same heresy, and could raise to the throne another prince, and another family, who, besides their hatred to our religion, would be animated with revenge for the tragical death of their predecessors. To serve any good purpose, we must destroy, at one blow, the king, the royal family, the lords, the commons; and bury all our enemies in one common ruin. Happily, they are all assembled on the first meeting of the parliament; and afford us the opportunity of glorious and useful vengeance. Great preparations will not be requisite. A few of us combining, may run a mine below the hall, in which they meet; and choosing the very moment when the king harangues both houses, consign over to destruction these determined foes to all piety and



Adam sculpt

THO^s. PERCY
one of the Conspirators
in the GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Pub^d April 20 1794 by I Caultfield & J Herbert.

religion. Meanwhile, we ourselves standing aloof, safe and unsuspected, shall triumph in being the instruments of divine wrath, and shall behold with pleasure those sacrilegious walls, in which were passed the edicts for proscribing our church, and butchering her children, tossed into a thousand fragments; whilst their impious inhabitants, meditating, perhaps, still new persecutions against us, pass from flames above to flames below, there for ever to endure the torments due to their offences.

Piercy* was charmed with this project of Catesby, and they agreed to communicate the matter

* THOMAS PIERCY,

the most particular and intimate friend of Catesby, was nearly allied to and greatly in the confidence of the Earl of Northumberland, and was by him, as captain of the gentlemen pensioners, admitted into that band without taking the customary oaths—for which omission, and the known intimacy that was between them, the Earl suffered a tedious imprisonment of fifteen years. Piercy was by far the most virulent of the conspirators, and on one occasion offered to rush into the presence-chamber and stab the king: but this was over-ruled by the more wily Catesby, who then first opened to Piercy his scheme of extirpating the whole royal family and nobles by gunpowder: to aid which purpose, Piercy engaged to furnish four thousand pounds out of the Earl of Northumberland's rents, and to provide ten swift horses in case of any emergency that might require speed. Upon the discovery of the plot, he betook himself

to a few more, and among the rest, to Thomas Winter, whom they sent over to Flanders, in quest of Fawkes, an officer in the Spanish service, with whose zeal and courage they were all thoroughly acquainted.

When they inlisted any new conspirator, in order to bind him to secrecy, they always, together with an oath, employed the Communion, the most sacred rite of their religion. And it is remarkable, that no one of these pious devotees ever entertained the least compunction with regard to the cruel massacre, which they projected, of whatever was great and eminent in the nation. Some of them only were startled by the reflection, that of necessity many Catholics must be present, as spectators or attendants on the king, or as having seats in the house of peers. But Tesmond, a

to flight, and was killed with Catesby in the following manner:— One John Street, of Worcester, who had charged his musket with a brace of bullets, and resting it upon the wall by the gate, shot at them as they were coming in rank, and not in file, from the door towards the gate: each bullet, as he thought, killed a man; for which action the king gave him two shillings a day during his natural life, to be paid him out of the Exchequer.

Jesuit; and Garnet, superior of that order in England, removed their scruples, and shewed them how the interests of religion required, that the innocent should be sacrificed with the guilty.

All this passed in the spring and summer of the year 1604; when the conspirators also hired a house in Piercy's name, adjoining to that in which the parliament was to assemble.

Towards the end of that year, they began their operations. That they might be less interrupted, and give less suspicion to the neighbourhood, they carried in store of provisions with them, and never desisted from their labour. Obstinate in their purpose, and confirmed by passion, by principle, and by mutual exhortation, they little feared death in comparison of a disappointment; and having provided arms, together with the instruments of their labour, they resolved there to perish in case of a discovery.

Their perseverance advanced the work: and they soon pierced the wall, though three yards in thickness; but on approaching the other side, they were somewhat startled at hearing a noise, which they knew not how to account for.

Upon inquiry, they found, that it came from the vault below the house of lords ; that a magazine of coals had been kept there ; and that as the coals were selling off, the vault would be let to the highest bidder. The opportunity was immediately seized ; the place hired by Piercy ; thirty-six barrels of powder lodged in it ; the whole covered up with faggots and billets, the doors of the cellar boldly flung open, and every body admitted as if it contained nothing dangerous. Confident of success, they now began to look forward, and to plan the remaining part of their project.

The king, the queen, prince Henry, were all expected to be present at the opening of parliament. The duke, by reason of his tender age, would be absent, and it was resolved, that Piercy should seize him, or assassinate him.

The Princess Elizabeth, a child likewise, was kept at Lord Harrington's house, in Warwickshire ; and Sir Everard Digby, Rockwood, Grant, being let into the conspiracy, engaged to assemble their friends on pretence of a hunting match, and seizing that princess, immediately to proclaim her queen. So transported were they with rage

against their adversaries, and so charmed with the prospect of revenge, that they forgot all care of their own safety; and trusting to the general confusion, which must result from so unexpected a blow, they foresaw not, that the fury of the people, now unrestrained by any authority, must have turned against them, and would probably have satiated itself by an universal massacre of the Catholics. The day, so long wished-for, now approached, on which the parliament was appointed to assemble. The dreadful secret, though communicated to above twenty persons, had been religiously kept, during the space of near a year and a half. No remorse, no pity, no fear of punishment, no hope of reward, had, as yet, induced any one conspirator, either to abandon the enterprize, or make a discovery of it. The holy fury had extinguished in their breast every other motive; and it was an indiscretion at last, proceeding chiefly from these very bigoted prejudices and partialities, which saved the nation. Ten days before the meeting of parliament, Lord Monteagle, a Catholic, son to Lord Morley, received the fol-

lowing letter, which had been delivered to his servant by an unknown hand.

My Lord,

Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this parliament. For God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement; but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For, though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say, they will receive a terrible blow this parliament; and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm: for the danger is past as soon as you have burned the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it; unto whose holy protection I commend you.

Monteagle knew not what to make of this letter;



GUY FAWKES.
Executed in the Year 1606.
for the GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Published April 1. 1794 by J. Galtfield. //h/hut lull//lull

and though inclined to think it a foolish attempt to frighten and ridicule him, he judged it safest to carry it to Lord Salisbury, secretary of state. Though Salisbury, too, was inclined to pay little attention to it, he thought proper to lay it before the king, who came to town a few days after. To the king it appeared not so light a matter; and from the serious earnest style of the letter, he conjectured that it implied something dangerous and important. *A terrible blow, and yet the authors concealed; a danger so sudden, and yet so great;* these circumstances seemed all to denote some contrivance by gunpowder; and it was thought advisable to inspect all the vaults below the houses of parliament. This care belonged to the Earl of Suffolk, lord chamberlain; who purposely delayed the search till the day before the meeting of parliament. He remarked those great piles of wood and faggots which lay in a vault under the upper house; and he cast his eye upon Fawkes*, who stood in a dark

* GUIDO FAWKES,

A gentleman, and an officer in the Spanish service, was purposely brought out of Flanders to assist in the mine, and fire the train under the parliament house. Upon the prorogation of the parliament, he

corner, and passed himself for Piercy's servant. That daring and determined courage, which so

returned to Flanders, to consult with Owen and Sir William Stanley; the latter of whom had treacherously, and contrary to his oath, delivered up *Deventer*, a rich town in *Overyssel*, gained from the Spaniards by Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester. From Flanders Fawkes went to Italy, and from thence came to England; where he passed for the servant of Piercy, under the fictitious name of Guy Johnson. He was principally employed in placing the gunpowder, faggots, &c. in proper order for explosion, and at the same time in concealment from too curious observation; as the doors of the cellar were left open for public inspection, to avoid suspicion. Fawkes was apprehended at the entrance of the cellar-door, about midnight, by Sir Thomas Knevett (a gentleman of his majesty's privy chamber, and a justice of peace in Westminster), who immediately carried him before the privy council; before whom he affirmed, that had he been within the doors at the time of his apprehension, he would have blown himself up, with all those that were about him at the time.

He was afterwards examined at Whitehall; where no man, of whatever rank, was denied access or speech with him; and, notwithstanding the continued teasing, and impertinent questions that were put to him, it was observed, he neither changed countenance nor lost his temper the whole day; treating the better sort with contemptuous scorn, and jestingly mocking the rest. He was from the council conveyed to the Tower; where, although he was shewed and threatened with the rack, he still seemed fixed in his first purpose of denying any accomplice whatever; and it is asserted, he was prevailed on to make what confession he did from the following circumstance being told him, upon such authority as he could not doubt.

There was one Mr. Pickering, of Tichmarsh Grove, in Northamptonshire, that was in great esteem with King James. This Mr. Pickering had a horse of special note for swiftness, on which he used

much distinguished this conspirator, even among those heroes in villany, was fully painted in his

to hunt with the king. A little before the blow was to be given, Mr. Keies, one of the conspirators, and brother-in-law to Mr. Pickering, borrowed this horse of him, and conveyed him to London upon a bloody design, which was thus contrived. Fawkes, upon the day of the fatal blow, was appointed to retire himself into St. George's Fields, where this horse was to attend him, to further his escape (as they made him believe), so soon as the parliament house should be blown up. It was likewise contrived that Mr. Pickering, who was noted for a puritan, should that morning be murdered in his bed, and secretly conveyed away; as also that Fawkes, so soon as he came into St. George's Fields to escape, should be there murdered, and so mangled, that he could not be known: whereupon it was to be bruited abroad, that the puritans had blown up the parliament-house; and the better to make the world believe it, there was Mr. Pickering, with his choice horse, ready to make an escape; but that stirred up some, who seeing the heinousness of the fact, and him ready to escape, in detestation of so horrible a deed, fell upon him, and hewed him to pieces; and to make it more clear, there was his horse, known to be of special speed and swiftness, ready to carry him away; and upon this rumour, a massacre should have gone through the whole land upon the puritans. When the contrivance of this plot was thus discovered by some of the conspirators, and Fawkes, who was now a prisoner in the Tower, made acquainted with it, whereas before he was made to believe by his companions, that he should be bountifully rewarded for that his good service to the catholic cause, now perceiving that, on the contrary, his death had been contrived by them, he thereupon freely confessed all that he knew concerning that horrid conspiracy, which before, all the tortures of the rack could not force him into. The truth of this was attested by Mr. William Perkins, who had it from Mr. Clement Cotton, to whom Mr. Pickering gave the above relation.

countenance, and was not passed unnoticed by the chamberlain. Such a quantity also of fuel, for the use of one who lived so little in town as Piercy, appeared a little extraordinary; and, upon comparing all circumstances, it was resolved that a more thorough inspection should be made. About midnight, Sir Thomas Knevett, a justice of peace, was sent with proper attendants; and before the door of the vault finding Fawkes, who had just finished all his preparations, he immediately seized him; and turning over the faggots, discovered the powder. The matches and every thing proper for

Guy Fawkes was executed with Thomas Winter, Ambrose Rockwood, and Robert Keies, within the Old Palace Yard, Westminster, not far from the parliament-house, January 31st, 1606.

Doctor Fuller in his Church History, remarks the following circumstance concerning Keies.—A few days before the fatal blow should have been given, Keies, being at Tichmarsh, in Northamptonshire, at his brother-in-law's house, Mr. Gilbert Pickering, a protestant, he suddenly whipped out his sword, and in merriment made many offers therewith at the heads, necks, and sides, of several gentlemen and ladies then in his company: it was then taken for a mere frolic, and so passed accordingly; but afterwards, when the treason was discovered, such as remembered his gestures, thought he practised what he intended to do when the plot should take effect; that is, to hack and hew, kill and destroy, all eminent persons of a different religion from himself.

setting fire to the train, were taken in Fawkes's pocket; who finding his guilt now apparent, and seeing no refuge but in boldness and despair, expressed the utmost regret that he had lost the opportunity of firing the powder at once, and of sweetening his own death by that of his enemies. Before the council, he displayed the same intrepid firmness, mixed even with scorn and disdain; refusing to discover his accomplices, and shewing no concern but for the failure of the enterprize.

This obstinacy lasted two or three days: but being confined to the Tower, left to reflect on his guilt and danger, and the rack being just shewn to him, his courage, fatigued with so long an effort, and unsupported by hope or society, at last failed him, and he made a full discovery of all the conspirators.

Catesby, Piercy, and the other criminals, who were in London, though they had heard of the alarm taken at a letter sent to Monteagle, though they had heard of the chamberlain's search, yet they were resolved to persist to the utmost, and never abandon their hopes of success: but at last, hearing that Fawkes was arrested, they hurried

down to Warwickshire ; where Sir Everard Digby, thinking himself assured that success had attended his confederates, was already in arms, in order to seize the Princess Elizabeth.

She had escaped into Coventry ; and they were obliged to put themselves on their defence against the country, who were raised from all quarters, and armed, by the sheriff. The conspirators, with all their attendants, never exceeded the number of eighty persons ; and being surrounded on every side could no longer entertain hopes either of prevailing or escaping. Having therefore confessed themselves, and received absolution, they boldly prepared for death, and resolved to sell their lives as dear as possible to the assailants. But even this miserable consolation was denied them : some of their powder took fire, and disabled them for defence.

The people rushed in upon them ; Piercy and Catesby were killed by one shot : Digby, Rockwood, Winter*, and others, being taken prisoners,

* THOMAS WINTER,

A discontented catholic, had thoughts of quitting England for ever, and had retired himself to his brother's house in the country, till



THO^s WINTER
Executed in the Year 1606.
for the GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Pub. May 1794 by I Caulfield. & I Herbert

were tried, confessed their guilt, and died, as well as Garnet, by the hands of the executioner. Notwithstanding this horrid crime, the bigotted catholics were so devoted to Garnet, that they fancied miracles to be wrought by his blood ; and in Spain he was regarded as a martyr.

such time as a convenient opportunity should offer for that purpose. In the mean time he was twice sent for by Catesby, to come with all speed possible to London ; where, when he came on the second invitation, Catesby opened to him his gunpowder scheme, into which Winter readily entered, and almost as soon set off for Flanders, to sound the inclinations of several leading persons, towards such a scheme ; where he was recommended to Fawkes, as a proper person to overlook the work, he being an approved soldier, and skilful engineer. They embarked at Dunkirk, and came to England together ; soon after which Piercy hired the house adjoining the House of Lords, where they first began the mine. Winter, in concert with the rest, retired to Staffordshire ; where, at the explosion of powder that was laid in a platter to dry, he was scorched in so shocking a manner, as rendered him incapable of defence. Some little time before this accident, Winter dreamt “ that he saw steeples and churches stand awry, and within those churches strange and unknown faces.” And after, when the aforesaid explosion had, the day following, scorched divers of the confederates, and much disfigured the faces and countenances of Grant, Rockwood, and others, then did Winter call to mind his dream, and to his remembrance thought, that the faces of his associates, so scorched, resembled those which he had seen in his dream. From the confession he made, he appears to have been very penitent and resigned to his fate. Executed January 31, 1606.

Neither had the desperate fortune of the conspirators urged them to this enterprize, nor had the former profligacy of their lives prepared them for so great a crime. Before that audacious attempt, their conduct seems, in general, to be liable to no reproach. Catesby's character had entitled him to such regard, that Rockwood and Digby were seduced by their implicit trust in his judgment; and they declared, that, from the motive alone of friendship to him, they were ready on any occasion to have sacrificed their lives. Digby* himself was as highly esteemed and beloved as any man in England; and he had been particularly honoured with the good opinion of Queen Elizabeth. It was bigotted zeal alone, the most absurd of prejudices masqued with reason, the most criminal of passions covered with the appearance of duty, which seduced them into measures that were fatal to themselves, and had so nearly proved fatal to their country.

* Digby, after his condemnation, wrote in a letter to his wife: "Now for my intention, let me tell you, that if I had thought there had been the least sin in the plot, I would not have been in it for all the world; and no other cause drew me to hazard my fortune and life, but zeal to God's religion."



adam. sculp

ROB^T. WINTER.
Executed in the Year 1606.
for the GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Pub^d. April 1. 1794. by T. Caultield. & J. Herbert

The Lords Mordaunt and Stourton, two catholics, were fined, the former ten thousand pounds,

ROBERT WINTER

Was drawn into this conspiracy by his brother Thomas*; who, finding the persons first engaged in the *mine* insufficient to the task, proposed this brother as an assistant the rest might depend on; and at their condemnation he petitioned the court to suffer for both, as having been the means of his brother's misfortune. Robert Winter escaped in company with Stephen Littleton (owner of the house at Holbach, where the rest had taken shelter), and first found succour from one Perks, who secreted them in his barn; but doubting of their safety, they removed from thence, and were harboured by Humphrey Littleton, commonly called *Yellow Humphrey*, who was governor of the house in the absence of Mrs. Littleton, the owner thereof. Here they were not many days, but the cook of the house did much wonder what use *Humphrey Littleton* should make of so many dishes in his chamber at every meal, and, to satisfy his curiosity, went secretly to the door, and peeping through the key-hole, saw Stephen Littleton, and another man with him: at which sight he was so terrified, that he knew not what to do; for to reveal them might endanger their lives, and to conceal them might cost him his own. After some debate with himself, he did resolve to keep out of further trouble, and accordingly went and disclosed what he discovered to a relation; whereupon followed their apprehension, and afterward their conviction, condemnation, and execution.

* There was another brother of this family, John Winter, who was executed at Worcester, with Humphrey Littleton, Perks of Hagley, and Burford his man; for receiving and entertaining Robert Winter and Stephen Littleton at the time of their flight, contrary to the king's proclamation. John Winter employed a man at Warwick,

the latter four thousand, by the Star-chamber, because their absence from parliament had begotten a suspicion of their being acquainted with the conspiracy. The Earl of Northumberland was fined thirty thousand pounds, and detained several years prisoner in the Tower ; because, not to mention other grounds of suspicion, he had admitted Piercy into the number of gentlemen pensioners, without his taking the requisite oaths.

The king, in his speech to the parliament, observed, that though religion had engaged the conspirators in so criminal an attempt, yet ought we not to involve all the Roman catholics in the same guilt, or suppose them equally disposed to commit such enormous barbarities. Many holy men, he said, and our ancestors among the rest, had been seduced to concur with that church in her scholastic doctrines concerning the pope's power of dethroning kings, or sanctifying assassination. The wrath of heaven is denounced against crimes, but innocent error may obtain it's favour ; and nothing

to learn on the trumpet the points of war, and kept him in pay for a month previous to the discovery of the plot.

can be more hateful than the uncharitableness of the puritans, who condemn alike to eternal torments even the most inoffensive partizans of popery. For his part, he added, that conspiracy, however atrocious, should never alter in the least his plan of government: while with one hand he punished guilt, with the other he would still support and protect innocence. After this speech he prorogued the parliament till the 22d January*.

The moderation, and I may say magnanimity of the king, immediately after so narrow an escape from so detestable a conspiracy, was no wise agreeable to his subjects. Their animosity against popery, even before this provocation, had risen to a great pitch; and it had perhaps been more prudent in James, by a little dissimulation, to have conformed himself to it. His theological learning, confirmed by disputation, had happily fixed his judgment in the protestant faith; yet was his heart

* The parliament this session passed an act obliging every one to take the oath of allegiance:—a very moderate test, since it decided no controverted points between the two religions, and only engaged the persons who took it to abjure the pope's power of dethroning kings.

a little biassed by the allurements of Rome, and he had been well pleased, if the making of some advances could have effected an union with that ancient mother church.

He strove to abate the acrimony of his own subjects against the religion of their fathers; he became himself the object of their diffidence and aversion. Whatever measures he embraced, in Scotland to introduce prelacy, in England to enforce the authority of the established church, and support it's rites and ceremonies, were interpreted as so many steps towards popery, and were represented by the puritans as symptoms of idolatry and superstition.

JOHN WRIGHT

Was one of the first persons to whom Catesby intrusted the secret of the plot; and they mutually agreed, that all who afterwards should enter on that business, should take the following oath; which was first administered by Catesby, Piercy, and this Wright, each to the other, at a house behind St. Clement's church, without Temple-Bar:—"You shall swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the Sacrament you now purpose to receive, never to disclose, directly nor indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you leave."—He was killed, with a number of the other conspirators, in their desperate sally at Holbach, the place of their last resort.



JOHN WRIGHT,

One of the Conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot.

London. Published April 23.^d 1794, by J. Herbert, N^o 6. Pall Mall.



CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT.
One of the Conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot.

Pub^d Aug. 1st 1794, by J. Caulfield. & J. Herbert.

Ignorant of the consequences, or unwilling to sacrifice to politics his inclination, which he called his conscience, he persevered in the same measures, and gave trust and preferment almost indifferently to his catholic and protestant subjects; and finding his person, as well as his title, less obnoxious to the church of Rome than those of Elizabeth, he gradually abated the rigour of those laws which had been enacted against that church, and which were so acceptable to his bigotted subjects: but the effects of these dispositions, on both sides, became not very sensible, till towards the conclusion of his reign.

CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT,

Like Robert Winter, was brought into the conspiracy by his own brother; and, from every circumstance that can be collected concerning him, was nothing behind the rest in forwarding this work of mischief. It was Christopher Wright that first discovered the apprehension of Fawkes, and advised the conspirators to an immediate and separate flight: which advice had they taken, it is more than probable some might have escaped; instead of which, they impudently resolved to raise the country into an open rebellion, and resort to that place which was to have been their general rendezvous, had the explosion taken place: the consequence of which was, they were pursued, overtaken, some taken alive, and the rest killed. Among the last was this Wright, and his brother.

At this time James seems to have possessed the affections even of his English subjects, and, in a

THOMAS BATES.

Concerning Thomas Bates, who was Catesby's man, as he was wound into this treason by his master, so was he resolved, when he doubted of the lawfulness thereof, by the doctrine of the jesuits. For the manner, it was after this sort: Catesby, noting that his man observed him extraordinarily, as suspecting something of that which he the said Catesby went about, called him to him at his lodging in Puddle-Wharf, and, in the presence of Thomas Winter, asked him what he thought the business was they went about, for that he of late had so suspiciously and strangely marked them. Bates answered, that he thought they went about some dangerous matter, whatsoever the particulars were: whereupon they asked him again what he thought the business might be; and he answered, that he thought they intended some dangerous matter about the parliament-house, because he had been sent to get a lodging near unto that place. Then did they make the said Bates take an oath to be secret in the action: which being taken by him, they then told him that it was true that they were to execute a great matter; namely, to lay powder under the parliament-house, to blow it up. Then they also told him that he was to receive the sacrament, for the more assurance; and whereupon he went to confession to Tesmond the jesuit, and in his confession told him, that he was to conceal a very dangerous piece of work that his master Catesby and Thomas Winter had imparted to him, and said he much feared the matter to be utterly unlawful, and therefore therein desired the counsel of the jesuit, and revealed to him the whole intent and purpose of blowing up the parliament-house, upon the first day of the assembly, at which the king, the queen, the prince, the lords spiritual and temporal, the judges, the knights, citizens, and burgesses, should all have been there convened and met together. But the



THO.^s BATES
Executed in the Year 1606.
for the GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Pub.^d April 1. 1794 by T. Caulfield.

tolerable degree, their esteem and regard. Hitherto their complaints were chiefly levelled against his too great constancy to his early friendships; a quality which, had it been attended with more economy, the wise would have excused, and the candid would even perhaps have applauded. His parts, which were not despicable, and his learning, which was great, being highly extolled by his courtiers and gownmen, and not yet tried in the management of any delicate affair for which he was unfit, raised a high idea of him in the world; nor was it always through flattery or insincerity that he received the title of the second Solomon. A report, which was suddenly spread about this time of his being assassinated, visibly struck a great con-

jesuit, being a confederate therein before, resolved and encouraged him in the action; and said that he should be secret in that which his master had imparted into him, for that it was for a good cause: adding, moreover, that it was not dangerous unto him, nor any offence to conceal it. And thereupon the jesuit gave him absolution; and Bates received the sacrament of him, in the company of his master Robert Catesby, and Thomas Winter.

When condemned, he craved pardon, as being ignorant of the consequence of what he had concealed, and as being led into it by his master, Tesmond, and Winter; he was however executed, January 22, 1606.

sternation into all orders of men; the commons also abated of their excessive frugality, and granted him an aid, payable in four years, of three subsidies, and six fifteenths, which Sir Francis Bacon said, in the house, might amount to about four hundred thousand pounds; and for once the king and parliament parted in friendship and good humour. The hatred which the catholics so visibly bore him, gave him at this time an additional value in the eyes of his people. The only considerable point, in which the commons incurred his displeasure, was by discovering their constant good-will to the puritans; in whose favour they desired a conference with the lords, which was rejected.



Under the original of the engraving, in which all the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot are shewn together, is the following inscription:

“ Effigies 7 Proditorum qui in cuniculis sub Domo Parliamenti, Westmonasterij, prope Londinum, agendis, operam posuere: ad ipsam a fundamentis evertendam pulvere tormentario, cum maxima parte Westmonasterij, ac ita non solum Regem vita privandum, verum-etiam præcipuos Procures totius Regni tam Ecclesiasticos quam Seculares, potissimam Nobilitatem, ac præcipuos Ministros

Regni, cum multis Spectatorum millibus.—Robertus Catesby Armiger primus immanis huius coniurationis fuit auctor.—Thomas Percy Nobilis in hoc negotio mire vehemens fuit: Cellum sub Ædibus Parlamenti conduxit, ac valde diligens fuit in cuniculis perficiendis. Eius caput nunc Ædibus Parlamenti impositum conspicitur.—Thomas Winter a R. Catesby ad hoc facinus incitatus et aductus est.—Guido Fawkes in partibus Belgij quæ sunt obedientia Ducis Alberti, cum esset, ad hoc flagitium a Thomas Winter impulsus est: ac in Angliam veniens, cum iurasset cum aliis super codicem Evangeliorum de silentio, Sacramentum quod vocant Eucharistiæ a Sacrificio accepit.—Ioannes Wrigt nobilis—Christophorus Wrigt—Robertus Winter. Atque hi numerum Septenarium complevere. Quibus accessit Bates, Roberti Catesby famulus.”

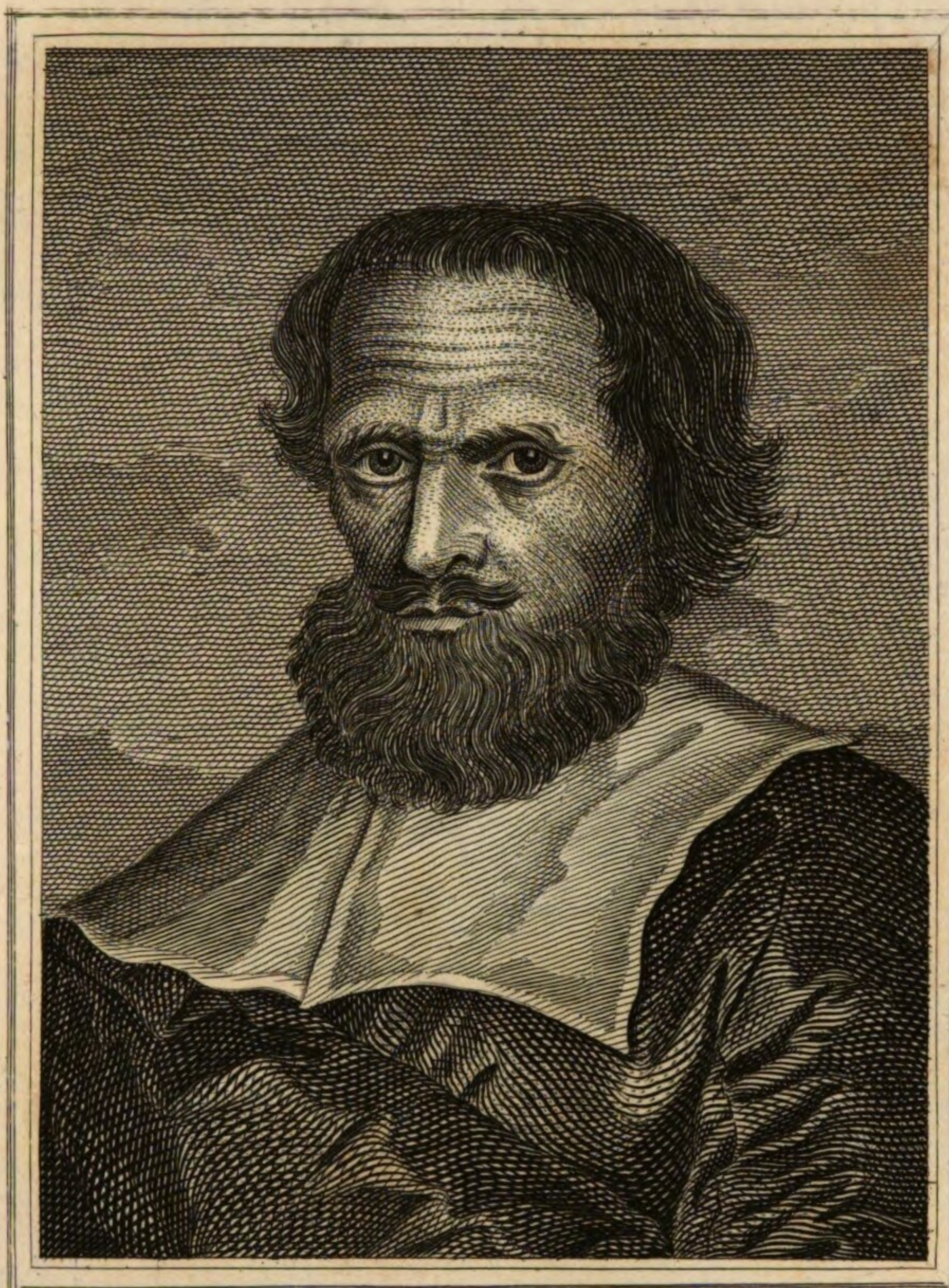


DOCTOR SIMON FORMAN.

The best Account of this pretended Philosopher is to be found in the Life of Lilly, a Fellow-labourer in the vineyard of Knavery, and is as follows :

WHEN my mistress died, she had under her arm-hole a small scarlet bag full of many things, which one that was there delivered unto me. There was in this bag several sigils, some of Jupiter in Trine, others of the nature of Venus, some of iron, and one of gold, of pure angel-gold, of the bigness of a thirty-three shilling piece of King James's coin. In the circumference on one side was engraven, *Vicit Leo de tribu Judæ Tetragrammaton* ⁺, within the middle there was engraven an holy lamb. In the other circumference there was Amraphel and three ⁺. In the middle, *Sanctus Petrus, Alpha* and *Omega* ^{*}.

* The occasion of framing this sigil was thus ; her former husband travelling into Sussex, happening to lodge in an inn, and to



SIMON FORMAN.

Published by I. Caulfield 1793. —

He was a chandler's son in the city of Westminster. He travelled into Holland for a month in 1580, purposely to be instructed in astrology, and other more occult sciences; as also in physic, taking his degree of Doctor beyond seas: being sufficiently furnished and instructed with what he desired, he returned into England, towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and flourished until that year of King James, wherein the Countess of Essex, the Earl of Somerset, and Sir Thomas Overbury's matters were questioned. He lived in Lambeth with a very good report of

lie in a chamber thereof, wherein, not many months before, a country grazier had lain, and in the night cut his own throat; after this night's lodging he was perpetually, and for many years followed by a spirit; which, vocally and articulately, provoked him to cut his throat; he was used frequently to say, 'I defy thee, I defy thee,' and to spit at the spirit; this spirit followed him many years, he not making any body acquainted with it; at last he grew melancholy and discontented, which being carefully observed by his wife, she many times hearing him pronounce, 'I defy thee,' &c. she desired him to acquaint her with the cause of his distemper, which he then did. Away she went to Dr. Simon Forman, who lived then in Lambeth, and acquaints him with it; who having framed this sigil, and hanged it about his neck, he wearing it continually until he died, was never more molested by the spirit: I sold the sigil for thirty-two shillings but transcribed the words *verbatim* as I have related.

the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was charitable. He was a person that in horary questions, (especially thefts) was very judicious and fortunate; so also in sicknesses, which indeed was his master-piece. In resolving questions about marriage he had good success: in other questions very moderate. He was a person of indefatigable pains. I have seen sometimes half one sheet of paper wrote of his judgment upon one question; in writing whereof he used much tautology, as you may see yourself, (most excellent Esquire) if you read a great book of Dr. Flood's, which you have, who had all that book from the manuscripts of Forman; for I have seen the same word for word in an English manuscript formerly belonging to Doctor Willoughby of Gloucestershire. Had Forman lived to have methodized his own papers, I doubt not but he would have advanced the Jatro-mathematical part thereof very compleatly; for he was very observant, and kept notes of the success of his judgments*.

* Being in bed one morning (says he) I was desirous to know whether I should ever be a Lord, Earl, or Knight, &c. whereupon I set a figure; and there upon my judgment: by which he concluded,

He professed to his wife there would be much trouble about Carr and the Countess of Essex, who

that within two years time he should be a Lord or great man: But, says he, before the two years were expired, the Doctors put me in Newgate, and nothing came. Not long after, he was desirous to know the same things concerning his honour or greatship. Another figure was set, and that promised him to be a great Lord within one year. But he sets down, that in that year he had no preferment at all; only I became acquainted with a merchant's wife, by whom I got well. There is another figure concerning one Sir — Ayre his going into Turkey, whether it would be a good voyage or not: the Doctor repeats all his astrological reasons, and musters them together, and then gave his judgment it would be a fortunate voyage. But under this figure he concludes, this proved not so, for he was taken prisoner by pirates, ere he arrived in Turkey, and lost all. He set several questions to know if he should attain the philosopher's stone, and the figures, according to his straining, did seem to signify as much; and then he tugs upon the aspects and configurations, and elected a fit time to begin his operations; but by-and-by, in conclusion, he adds, so the work went very forward; but upon the ☐ of ☿ the setting glass broke, and I lost all my pains: he sets down five or six such judgments, but still complains all came to nothing, upon the malignant aspects of ♀ and ♂. Although some of his astrological judgments did fail, more particularly those concerning himself, he being no way capable of such preferment as he ambitiously desired; yet I shall repeat some other of his judgments, which did not fail being performed by conference with spirits. My mistress went once unto him, to know when her husband, then in Cumberland, would return, he having promised to be at home near the time of the question; after some consideration, he told her to this effect: Margery, for so her name was, thy husband will not be at home these eighteen days; his kindred have vexed him, and he

frequently resorted unto him, and from whose company he would sometimes lock himself in his study

is come away from them in much anger ; he is now in Carlisle, and hath but three-pence in his purse. And when he came home he confessed all to be true ; and that upon leaving his kindred, he had but three-pence in his purse.

Another singular instance of him is, that one Coleman, clerk to Sir Thomas Beaumont, of Leicestershire, having had some liberal favours both from his Lady and her daughters, bragged of it, &c. The Knight brought him into the Star-chamber, had his servant sentenced to be pilloried, whipped, and afterwards, during life, to be imprisoned. The sentence was executed in London, and was to be in Leicestershire : two keepers were to convey Coleman from the Fleet to Leicester. My mistress taking consideration of Coleman, and the miseries he was to suffer, went presently to Forman, acquainted him therewith ; who, after consideration, swore Coleman had lain both with mother and daughters ; and besides said, that the old Lady, being afflicted with fits of the mother, called him into her chamber, to hold down the fits with his hands ; and that he holding his hands about the breast, she cried, Lower, lower, and put his hands below her belly ; and then ———. He also told my mistress in what posture he lay with the young Ladies, &c. and said, they intend in Leicester to whip him to death ; but I assure thee, Margery, he shall never come there ; yet they set forward to-morrow, says he ; and so his two keepers did, Coleman's legs being locked with an iron chain under the horse's belly. In this nature they travelled the first and second day ; on the third day the two keepers, seeing their prisoner's civility the two preceding days, did not lock his chain under the horse's belly, as formerly, but locked it only to one side. In this posture they rode some miles beyond Northampton, when, on a sudden, one of the keepers had a necessity to untruss, and so the other and Coleman stood still ; by-and-by the other keeper desired

a whole day. Now we come to his death, which happened as follows : the Sunday night before he died, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she being pleasant, told him that she had been informed he could resolve, whether man or wife should die first ; Whether shall I (quoth she) bury you or no ? Oh Trunco, for so he called her, thou wilt bury me, but thou wilt much repent it. Yea, but how long first ? I shall die, said he, ere Thursday night. Monday came, all was well. Tuesday came, he not sick. Wednesday came, and

Coleman to hold his horse, for he had occasion also : Coleman immediately took one of their swords, and ran through two of the horses, killing them stark dead ; gets upon the other, with one of their swords ; farewell gentlemen, quoth he, tell my master I have no mind to be whipped in Leicestershire, and so went his way. The two keepers, in all haste, went to a gentleman's house near at hand, complaining of their misfortune, and desired of him to pursue their prisoner, which he, with much civility granted ; but ere the horses could be got ready, the mistress of the house came down, and enquiring what the matter was, went to the stable, and commanded the horses to be unsaddled, with this sharp speech : Let the Lady Beaumont, and her daughters live honestly ; none of my horses shall go forth upon this occasion.

I could relate many such stories of his performances ; as also what he wrote in a book left behind him, viz. This I made the devil write with his own hand, in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June, or July, as I now remember.

still he was well; with which his impertinent wife did much twit him in the teeth. Thursday came, and dinner was ended, he very well; he went down to the water side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle Dock. Being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down, only saying, An impost, an impost, and so died. A most sad storm of wind immediately following.





WILLIAM LITHGOW,
In the Dress he walked through Turkey.

Published July 20. 1792. by I. Caulfield, London.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

WILLIAM LITHGOW, whose sufferings by imprisonment and torture at Malaga, and whose travels on foot, over Europe, Asia, and Africa, seem to raise him almost to the rank of a martyr* and a hero, published an account of his peregrinations and adventures†. Though the author deals much in the marvellous, the horrid account of the strange cruelties of which he tells us he was the subject, have, however, an air of truth. Soon after his arrival in England, from Malaga, he was carried to Theobalds on a feather-bed, that King James might be an eye-witness of his “martyred anatomy,” by which he means his wretched body mangled and reduced to a skeleton. The whole court crowded to see him ; and his majesty order-

* He suffered as a spy and heretic, having been condemned by the inquisition.

† The first edition was printed in 1614, 4to. and re-printed in the next reign, with additions, and a dedication to Charles I.

ed him to be taken care of; and he was twice sent to Bath at his expence. By the king's command, he applied to Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, for the recovery of the money and other things of value which the governor of Malaga had taken from him, and for a thousand pounds for his support. He was promised a full reparation for the damage he had sustained; but the perfidious minister never performed his promise. When he was upon the point of leaving England, Lithgow upbraided him with the breach of his word, in the presence chamber, before several gentlemen of the court. This occasioned their fighting upon the spot; and the ambassador, as the traveller oddly expresses it, had his fistula* contrabanded with his fist. The unfortunate Lithgow, who was generally commended for his spirited behaviour, was sent to the Marshalsea, where he continued a prisoner nine months. At the conclusion of the octavo edition of his "Travels," he informs us, that, in his three voyages, "his painful feet have traced

* Gondomar was afflicted with a fistula, which occasioned his using a perforated chair, which is exhibited in one of his prints.

over (besides passages of seas and rivers) thirty-six thousand and odd miles, which draweth near to twice the circumference of the whole earth." Here the marvellous seems to rise to the incredible, and to set him in point of veracity below Coryat, whom it is nevertheless certain he far out-walked. His description of Ireland is whimsical and curious. This, together with the narrative of his sufferings, is reprinted in Morgan's *Phœnix Britannicus*. His book is very scarce.

It appears by the following extract, that Lithgow had no scruple in appropriating every accident to his own advantage; and that, upon some occasions, he could commit the same actions, he so severely censures in another.

" I traversed the kingdom to *Trapundie*, seeking transportation for *Africk*, but could get none: and returning thence overthwart the island, I call to memory being lodged in the bourge of *Saramutza*, belonging to a young baron, and being bound the way of *Castello Franko*, eight miles distant, and appertaining to another young noble youth, I rose and marched by the break of day, where it was my luck, half way from either town, to find both these beardless barons lying dead, and new killed, in the fields, and their horses standing tied to a bush beside them; whereat, being greatly moved, I approached them, and perceiving the bodies to be richly clad with silken stuffs, facilely conjectured what they might be; my host having told me the former night, that these two barons were at great discord about the love of a young noble woman. And here it proved, for that lady's sake, that *Troppo amore* turned to *Presto dolore*.

“ Upon which sight, to speak the truth, I searched both their pockets, and found their two silken purses full loaden with Spanish pistoles; whereat my heart sprung for joy; and taking five rings off their four hands, I hid them and the two purses in the ground, half a mile beyond this place: And returning again, leaped to one of their horses, and came galloping back to *Saramutza*; where calling up my host, I told him the accident, who, when he saw the horse, gave a shout for sorrow, and running to the castle, told the lady the baron's mother; where in a moment, she, her children, and the whole town, run with me to the place, some clad, some naked, some on foot, and some on horse; where, when come, grievous was it to behold their woful and sad lamentations. I thus seeing them all mad and distracted of their wits with sorrow, left them without good night: And coming to my treasure, made speedy way to *Castello Franko*, where bearing them the like news, brought them all to the like distraction and flight of feet.

“ And now to reckon the gold that I found in the aforesaid purses, it amounted to three hundred and odd double pistoles; and their rings being set with diamonds, were valued to a hundred chicqueens of Malta, (eight shillings the piece) which I dispatched for less. But the gold was my best second, which, like *Homer's Illiads* under *Alexander's* pillow, was my continual *Vade mecum*.”



Three to One .

Being, An English Spanish Combat,
Performed by a Western Gentleman, of Taustoke in Deuonshire,
with an English Quarter Staffe, against Three Spanish
Rapiers and Poniards, at Sherries in Spaine,
The fiftene day of Nouember, 1625 .

In the prefence of Dukes, Condes, Marquisses, and other Great
Dons of Spaine, being the Counsell of Warre .

The Author of this Booke, and Actor in this Encounter, R. Peecke .



Printed at London for I.T. and are to be sold at his Shoppe .

RICHARD PEEKE.

RICHARD PEEKE, of Tavistoke, in the county of Devon, who had been a voyage to *Argiers*, entered a volunteer in the expedition against Cales, in Spain ; and at the castle of Puntall, on that coast, (to use his own phrase), performed some desperate service. On the surrender of this castle, the English troops were landed ; when some of them, wandering up the country for plunder, fell into the snare of a Spanish ambuscade, by whom they were barbarously massacred. Peeke, who had continued on board till the troops had taken possession of the place, no sooner came on shore, than understanding from some Englishmen, who were on their return from pillaging the vineyards of fruit, &c. that there was no danger of venturing up the country, he boldly resolved to pursue the journey alone. He had scarcely proceeded a mile on his way, before he discovered the bodies of three Englishmen dead, and one just dying. Pity for the wounded man, and perhaps some personal fear,

induced him to desist from further exploring the country; he therefore resolved, if possible, to carry the man, who was speechless, to the ships for assistance. While employed on this charitable service, his attention was roused by the approach of a Spanish horseman, who made at him, with an intent of riding him down; on perceiving which, retreating, he drew his sword, and wrapping his cloak about his arm, he resolved to sell his life at as dear a rate as possible. It so fortuned, that the Spaniard, as well as himself, was destitute of fire-arms; which reduced them more on a level. Peeke, retiring sideways up a bank, and the Spaniard pursuing, it was his fortune to whisk his cloak in the eyes of the horse; at which being startled, he took the advantage to dismount the rider; and having thus overcome him, was rifling his pockets of what property he had about him, which amounted to only five pieces of eight, about twenty shillings English. While he was thus making busy use of his victory, he was observed by fourteen Spanish musqueteers, who, without ceremony, presented their pieces, and would certainly have shot him, had it not been for fear of involving their country-

man, who was in degree a knight, in the same fate: they therefore contented themselves with taking him prisoner; which they had no sooner done, than the Spaniard whom he had overcome maliciously drew his sword, and desperately wounded him in the face, from ear to ear; and had it not been for the musqueteers, would there have put an end to his existence. Upon this he was led a prisoner into the town of Cales; where he reports to have seen Englishmen's heads kicked about the streets like foot-balls, and their ears cut off, and worn in Spanish hats, in scorn.

In passing through the town, a Fleming cried, "Whither do you lead this English dog? Kill him! kill him! he's no christian!" and with an halbert wounded him four inches deep in the back.

After lying eighteen days in the prison at Cales, he was ordered to *Sherry's*, or *Xeris*, about three leagues distance, to take his trial; where, before three dukes, four condes, or earls, four marquisses, and other persons of note, he underwent a long examination, in the course of which he was fain to put up with many bitter taunts and jokes on his countrymen, who were compared by a Spaniard to

gallinas, or *hens*; at which Peeke's indignation rising, he said, if the English were hens, he could pretty well prove the Spaniards were little better than *pullets* or *chickens*. At which the Duke of Medina, with a brow half angry, asked him if he dared fight with one of those *Spanish pullets*. This being eagerly accepted, a combatant was produced, whom Peeke suddenly disarmed, and presented the weapons, rapier and poignard, to the dukes. It was then demanded if he would undertake another, which at first he refused, on account of the implacable resentment of a vanquished Spaniard; but being assured of protection, he again entered the lists, armed only with an halbert, the head of which was knocked off, to resemble an English quarter-staff, with which he opposed himself to any six they would produce; which the noblemen present thinking too much for any man to encounter, restricted the number to three*, who were armed

* Peeke modestly excuses his arrogance, in undertaking so many, in these words: "To dye I thought most certain; but to dye basely, I would not. For three to kill one, had been to me no dishonour; to them (weapons considered) no glory. An honourable subjection I esteemed better than an ignoble conquest. Upon these thoughts I fell to it."

each with two weapons, rapier and poniard. After many desperate thrusts from the united rapiers, and repeated parryings with the quarter-staff, it was his good fortune, with a well-aimed blow, to lay one of his adversaries dead at his feet; which giving him fresh vigour, he so well employed his staff, as to make the remaining two trust their safety to their heels; one taking to the band of soldiers for protection, and the other sheltering himself behind the bench of judges. On this defeat, the soldiers and mob became clamorous against the Englishman; which the Duke of Medina-Sidonia soon silenced, by proclaiming it death for any man to offer him the least personal abuse. A collection was made for him on the spot by his judges, one from another, which amounted to four pounds ten shillings; and he was taken under the patronage of the Marquis Alquenezes, who presented him to the King of Spain, at Madrid, where the king himself offered him a place under his government: which declining, he came into England, and published the narrative this account is taken from.

MULL'D-SACK.

THIS most notorious fellow was the son of one Mr. Cottington, a haberdasher of small-wares in Cheapside; but his father being a boon companion, whereby he had wasted his substance, he died so poor that he was obliged to be buried by the parish. He left behind him fifteen daughters and four sons, the youngest of whom was the unhappy person whose history we are relating.

At eight years of age he was, by the overseers of the parish, put out apprentice to a chimney-sweeper, of St. Mary-le-Bow, to whom he served about five years; and having then entered his teens, he thought himself as good a man as his master, whereupon he ran away, as thinking he had learnt so much of his trade as was sufficient for him to live upon, and his heirs for ever.

He had no sooner run away from his master, but he was called by the name of *Mull'd-Sack*, though his real name was *John Cottington*, from his usually



I Walke the Strand, and Westminster, and Scorne *(My smoking Pipe, Scarfe, Garter, Rose on Shoe,*
to march t' th' Cittie; though I beare the Horne, *Showe my brave mind, t' affect what Gallants do,*
My Feather, and my yellow Band, accord *I Singe dance drinke and merrily pass the day,*
to prove me Courtier, My Boote, Spur, and Sword, *and like a Chimney, sweep all care away.*

Pub.^d Aug.^r 8th 1794 by Caulfield and Herbert.

drinking sack mulled morning, noon, and night ; and one night drinking at the Devil tavern in Fleet-street, a match was made up betwixt him and one he took to be a real woman ; but when he was married at the Fleet prison, the common place for joining all rogues and whores together, and came to be bedded at night, he found his co-partner to be a noted person, called *Anniseed-Water-Robin*, an hermaphrodite, that is to say, a person of both sexes.

Mull'd-Sack finding out what a mistake he had made in matrimony, began to grow very loose indeed, and spent a great deal of money, which he had obtained by ill courses, upon the five celebrated women-shavers in Drury-lane ; which five furies one day getting a poor woman among them, whom they suspected the principal shaver's husband had to do with, they did not only strip her, but whipped her with rods most terribly, shaved her, and then soused her in suds till they had almost killed the poor wretch, whose tears, cries, and protestations availed not a pin. But they being afterwards prosecuted for the riot, and condemned to the pillory, which one or two of them

suffered, the rest fled to Barbadoes ; but before they went, they all ruined their poor husbands.

Now Mull'd-Sack having left the good company of these women-shavers (for he did not love them so well as to suffer martyrdom for them in hurricanes, storms, and tempests), his gentle air and mien, though a chimney-sweeper, made a merchant's wife in Mark-lane enamoured with him, who had none of the best character before she was acquainted with him, neither did Mull'd-Sack get above an hundred and twenty pounds by her before she fell sick. This gentlewoman originally was very pretty ; but, like other citizens' wives, she had contracted those distempers which not long after brought her to her grave ; her sickness having first buried those quick and lively colours in her face under the cold earth of a dead-and-buried paleness, which enviously triumphed in the spoils of her unparalleled beauty. Now judging herself, both by the glass of her face, and that unerring mirror her conscience, unworthy to live, since the first told her she could be in no favour with men, and the other more surely told her she was out of favour with Heaven, she addressed herself to late

but serious repentance, beginning at the right place with confession, unbosoming herself to her husband, and craving first his pardon and forgiveness; which being granted, she desired him to call up all her children, which were twelve in number, that she might take her leave of them, and say something of them to him, which particularly concerned him. When they were come about her bed, she thus began: "This eldest boy is truly your's, no man ever having to do with me until after his birth; but this next to him is such a knight's son, that such a merchant's, that such a nobleman's, that such a doctor's;" and so forward, naming all men of good quality, excepting Mull'd-Sack, who came dropping in at last; till she came to the youngest, who was carelessly biting on a piece of bread and butter; when just as she was pronouncing his parentage, the boy broke out into this language: "Hold, mother! pray bethink yourself before you die! for God's sake let me have a father that's rich and genteel too, as well as the rest of my brothers and sisters!" Which proving to his wish, the boy was overjoyed; but the poor cuckold his father was sadly dismayed at his wife's confession.

Mull'd-Sack having lost his good benefactress, then turned pick-pocket ; and in his first practising his trade he got a rich gold watch, set with diamonds, from the Lady Fairfax, the rump-parliament general's wife, in this manner. That loyal (if I do not belie her) lady used to go to a lecture on a week-day to Ludgate church, called St. Martin's, where one Mr. Jacomb preached, being much followed by the precisians. Now Mull'd-Sack perceiving this, and that she constantly wore her watch hanging by a chain from her middle, against the next time she came there he dressed himself like a commander in the army ; and having his comrades attending him like troopers, one of them takes off a pin of a coach-wheel that was going upwards through the gate ; by which means it falling off, the passage was obstructed ; so that the lady could not alight at the church-door, but was forced to leave her coach without ; which Mull'd-Sack taking occasion of, readily presented himself to her ladyship ; and having the impudence to take her from her gentleman-usher, who attended her alighting, led her by the arm into the church ; and by the way, with a pair of keen or sharp scissars

for the purpose, cut the chain in two, and got the watch clear away ; she not missing it till sermon was done, when she was going to see the time of the day.

There was then, in Mull'd-Sack's time, as rare a pack of pick-pockets as was in the world ; for some of them would lay a wager to pick a man's pocket though he was warned of it but a minute before, and knew his company. It would be perhaps too tedious to recite their activities ; how they would justle men's hands out of their pockets, that were set there as a guard or centinel to secure their money ; how they would pretend to have a letter read to them, or such like story, while, standing behind the person that reads, they *rub the bung*, that is, in English, pick your pocket. The many various neat tricks Mull'd-Sack played upon Ludgate-hill, by making stops of coaches and carts, and the money that he and his consorts got there by picking pockets, would have been almost enough to have built St. Paul's cathedral.

However Mull'd-Sack being detected in picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, the arch-usurper of England, as he came out of the parliament-house, he had like to have been hanged

for that fact; but that storm blowing over, he was so much out of conceit with picking pockets, that he took up another trade, which was robbing on the highway; and following this practice with one Tom Cheney, they were so audacious as to rob Colonel Hewson, the cobbler, at the head of his regiment, when marching into Hounslow; but being quickly pursued by some troopers which lay in that town, Cheney's horse failing him, whilst Mull'd-Sack got clear off, he was obliged to stand it against eighteen horsemen, and for above an hour defended himself very stoutly; but being overpowered, and desperately wounded, he was taken and brought to Newgate. Shortly after, when the sessions were held at the Old Bailey, he would have avoided his trial, by pleading his weakness and the soreness of his wounds; but that would not pass, for they caused him to be brought down in a chair, from whence, as soon as he had received sentence of death, which was about two in the afternoon, he was carried in a cart to Tyburn, where he was cured of all his diseases at once.

Mull'd-Sack having thus lost his companion, he soon became acquainted with one Horne, a sturdy

pewterer, who had been a captain in Colonel Downe's regiment of foot, and with him robbed Oliver Cromwell, as he was going over Hounslow Heath to Windsor; but a quick pursuit being made after them, and a sharp rencounter happening betwixt the highwaymen and the pursuers, the former being overpowered by numbers, Captain Horne was taken, but Mull'd-Sack had the good luck still to make his escape. The captain was then sent to Newgate, and receiving sentence of death at the Old Bailey he was hanged at Tyburn; but died with so much bravery and gallantry, that it drew tears from many of the spectators, especially those of the female sex.

Now Mull'd-Sack being deprived also of this fellow in iniquity, he was resolved to rob on the highway by himself, and having a great antipathy against committee-men, and members of the rump-parliament, he had a design upon some of their money that was going to pay their soldiers at Oxford and Gloucester, which was four thousand pounds, guarded with a convoy of twenty horse. Had there been but half a dozen or half a score men, Mull'd-Sack would have had the

courage to set upon them; but when his scouts gave him intelligence they were double the number, he took five or six assistants, and waylaying the cash a little on this side Oxford, just at the close of the day, as the waggon was past Wheatley, and at the foot of Shotover-hill, he and his fellows rose from an ambuscade in the twilight, and furiously fell with swords and pistols on the troopers, who, suspecting the number attacking them to be far greater than it was, fled away in confusion. While three or four of their antagonists followed the pursuit and kept them from rallying, to discover what they were, Mull'd-Sack and the rest of his associates took away the aforesaid money, and spent it (comparatively speaking) in as little time as they had got it. Several passengers who went along with this convoy for a safeguard, were all frightened, as fearing the loss of all they had; but Mull'd-Sack soon freed them from that perplexity, by telling them, "they came not to take away any money but what did as justly belong to them as the persons that pretended to it; it being the commonwealth's money, which those great thieves at Westminster

had fleeced out of the public to pay their infernal janizaries, who maintained them in their tyranny and usurpation; while loyal honest subjects were ruined and undone by their heavy taxes, villainous plunders, unjust twentieth parts, and barbarous sequestrations of their estates.

Mull'd-Sack had kept company with the greatest highwaymen that ever were known in any age; and such was his genius, that by their laudable conversation he became as expert a robber on the road as any man whatever; for whilst he followed that profession he got as much money as all the thieves then in England. He was a fellow that went always habited like, and was reputed, a merchant: for he constantly wore a watchmaker's and jeweller's shop in his pocket, and could at any time command a thousand pounds.

Another time, having notice by his spies that the general receiver at Reading was to send six thousand pounds up to London by an ammunition waggon and convoy, he prevented that way of carriage, by conveying it up himself on horseback; for having in the night-time, with some of his comrades, brought a ladder into the orchard

of the receiver's house, and set it up just against the closet window in the farthest part of the house, he took away then all the money, leaving some thirty pounds, or thereabouts, in old and broken groats and odd money, upon the table; and leaving the ladder against the window where he and his consorts entered, made haste through the orchard to the gravel pit where their horses stood, and mounting them rode with the greatest expedition to London. The notoriousness of this fact was so great, that by strict inquiry it was found that Mull'd-Sack was the principal verb in this matter; whereupon he was way-laid and apprehended, and sent down prisoner to Reading, and from thence at the assizes carried to Abingdon; where, not wanting for money, he procured such a jury to be empannelled, that though judge Jermyn did what he could to hang him, there being very good circumstantial proof as that he was seen in the town that very night when the robbery was committed, yet he so baulked and terrified the simple jurors, and so affronted the judge, by bidding him come off the bench and swear what he said, as judge, witness, and prose-

cutor too, for so perhaps he might murder him by presumptions of evidence, as he termed it; that the simple fellows brought him in guiltless.

Now Mull'd-Sack had not been long at liberty before he killed one John Bridges, to have the more free egress and regress with his wife, who had kept him company for above four years; but the deceased's friends resolving to prosecute the murderer to the uttermost he fled beyond sea, and at Cologne he robbed King Charles II. then in his exile, of as much plate as was valued at one thousand five hundred pounds; then flying into England again, he promised to give Oliver Cromwell some of his majesty's papers which he had taken with his plate, and discover his correspondences here; but not making good his promise he was sent to Newgate, and receiving sentence of death was hanged in Smithfield-rounds, in April 1659, aged fifty-five years.

ELIZABETH SAWYER.

ELIZABETH SAWYER was a poor woman, that in the superstitious reign of James the first, probably incurred the displeasure of some more potent neighbour; who, having no just cause of complaint to alledge against her, accused her of witchcraft; a crime that, of all others, was at this period most dreaded. Very little time was allowed between the accusation, condemnation, and death, of a suspected witch; and if a voluntary confession was wanting, they never failed extorting a forced one, by torturing the suspected person. The following title is prefixed to a quarto pamphlet, printed at London, 1621. *The Wonderfull Discoverie of Elizabeth Sawyer, a Witch, late of Edmon-ton; her Conviction and Condemnation, and Death; together with the Relation of the Diuel's Accesses to her, and their Conference together. Written by Henry Goodcole, Minister of the Word of God; and her continual Visitor in the Goale of Newgate.*



ELIZABETH SAWYER
Executed in the Year 1621 for Witchcraft.
from a Rare Print in the Collection of W Beckford Esq.
Pub.^d Feb: 8 1794 by I. Caultfield.



THE ARAIGNMENT OF
John Selman who was executed
neere charing - crosse the 7. of January 1612.
for a Fellony by him committed in the Kings
Chappell at White-Hall upon Christmas day
last, in presence of the King and divers of the
Nobility.



LONDON

Printed by W.H. for Thomas Archer and are to be
sold at his shop in Popes-head Pallace 1612.

Pub.^d by Caulfield & Herbert 1794

JOHN SELMAN.

WAS indicted for a felony, in picking the pocket of Leonard Barry, servant to Lord Harrington, during divine service, in the king's chapel, at Whitehall, on Christmas-day, 1611, in presence of the king, and many of the nobility. His trial and execution took place soon after the commission of the crime, as he was hanged near Charing-cross, January 7th, 1612. The author of the *Narrative of Selman* magnifies the crime, as he was dressed like a gentleman*. It is much to be regretted, that when Granger had an opportunity of perusing such tracts as the *Narrative of Selman*, he did not give a more particular account than he in general does.

* It is well known that Jonathan Wild used to equip his emissaries with genteel dresses, and send them to church, or any other place where he had reason to believe there would be a crowd. The greatest booty that they are supposed to have gained for him, in one day, was at an installation at Windsor; where they handed and assisted the ladies in the throng, and robbed them of their watches and diamond girdle-buckles. Some of these fellows, especially such as wore red coats and laced hats, were soon observed to assume great airs, and fancy themselves as good gentlemen as Jonathan himself: hence it was that they were very shortly brought to the gallows.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

THIS gentleman was certainly one of the most extraordinary characters of the age in which he lived, to judge from the adventures recorded of him, though it is true that they seem much better calculated as subjects of romance, than of sober biography. He was a native of Lincolnshire, and designed for trade, which he relinquished to indulge a disposition for a military life. A furious war then raging between the Christians and the Turks, presented a field for his enterprizing spirit. He travelled through France, and at Marseilles embarked for Italy; but a violent storm having overtaken the vessel, Smith as the only protestant on board, was suspected of being the cause of the misfortune by the bigoted crew and thrown into the sea. Being a good swimmer, he reached with incredible exertions a small uninhabited island, from which he was released by a French rover. As a volunteer in the imperial army, he



These are the Lines that shew thy Face but those
 That shew thy Grace and Glory, brighter bee.
 Thy Faire-Discoveries and Fowle-Overthrowes
 Of Salvages, much Civilliz'd by thee
 Best shew thy Spirit and to it Glory Wynn:
 So, thou art Brasse without but Golde within.

killed three Turkish champions who had challenged to single combat any christian officer, and hence had three Turks heads emblazoned on a shield given him by the Duke of Transylvania for his arms ; which being recorded in the Herald's office in England, became the permanent arms of himself and his descendants. In a subsequent engagement he was left for dead on the field, but was recovered and carried prisoner to Constantinople by a bashaw, whose mistress, a Tartar lady, with a view to a farther acquaintance, sent him to her brother, the bashaw of a town on the sea of Azof. The brutality of this new master provoked Smith to kill him by a blow with a flail while threshing, on which he fled into the deserts of Circassia, and at length found his way into Russia, where he was kindly received, and his wants were supplied. Before he returned home he visited the greatest part of the continent of Europe, and passed over to Africa, where he spent some time at the court of Morocco.

Smith had not long returned to his native country, when his active disposition prompted him to become a member of the original company to

which James I. granted letters patent for the colonization of America. In the new world he was involved in adventures, not less singular than he had encountered in the old. The following may serve as a specimen. When engaged in exploring the country he was surrounded and surprized by several hundred Indians, armed with bows and arrows. Undaunted by numbers he defended himself with great valour, and slew several of the assailants; but retreating backward to his canoe, which he had left on the bank of a small lake, he suddenly plunged up to his arm-pits in an oozy creek. Here, though inextricably entangled, he still kept his pursuers at bay, till benumbed by the coldness of the water he was obliged to surrender. By various lucky expedients, which his presence of mind suggested, he escaped that death which the savages seemed more than once determined to inflict, and after a captivity of several weeks was sent to their Emperor Powhatan. A council was held, in which it was decreed that Smith should suffer. A large concourse of savages immediately assembled; Smith's hands were bound, his head laid on a block of granite,

and four clubs wielded by sturdy warriors were already raised to dash out his brains. At this critical moment he was rescued by an extraordinary interposition. Powhatan had a favourite daughter named Pochahontas, then in her fourteenth year. Deeply interested in the fate of Smith, this girl had in vain exerted all her influence to save him from the sanguinary sentence of her father. Still determined to accomplish her merciful design, she mingled with the throng at the place of execution. At the moment when the first club was about to descend she sprang forward, clasped the prisoner in her arms, and covered his head with her own, in order that she might either arrest the blow, or herself become the first victim, and thus escape the pain of witnessing the murder of so interesting an individual. This expedient, which, for benevolence and romantic character, has scarcely a parallel in the records of fable, was crowned with success. The whole assembly, rude and savage as were the individuals who composed it, was electrified at the sight. Its thirst for blood was converted as by magic into a sentiment of humanity; and

Powhatan softened by the more than human daring of his daughter, immediately reversed the fatal sentence. The prisoner was accordingly unbound and restored to liberty, and a few days afterwards, having received several presents from the emperor, he was escorted by twelve warriors to his countrymen at James-Town.

The eminent services of Captain Smith in the first settlement of Virginia, after three previous attempts had proved abortive, have caused him, as the most efficient and conspicuous agent in that important event, to be considered the father of American colonization. In Stith's History of Virginia, written in 1747, the author concludes his notice of this truly excellent and accomplished man with the following panegyric:—"I shall finish the character of Captain Smith with the testimonies of some of his soldiers and fellow adventurers. They own him to have made justice his first guide, and experience his second: that he was fruitful in expedients to provide for the people under his command, whom he would never suffer to want any thing he either had or could procure; that he rather chose to lead than

send his soldiers into danger; and, upon all hazardous and fatiguing expeditions, always shared every thing equally with his company, and never desired any of them to do or undergo any thing that he was not ready to do or undergo himself: that he hated baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity, more than any danger; that he would suffer want rather than borrow, and starve sooner than not pay: that he loved action more than words, and hated falsehood and covetousness worse than death: and that his adventures gave life and consistency to the colony, and his loss was their ruin and destruction. They confess that there were many captains in that age (as indeed there are in all ages) who were no soldiers, but that Captain Smith was a soldier of the true old English stamp, who fought not for gain or empty praise, but for his country's honour and the public good: that his wit, courage, and success here (in Virginia) were worthy of eternal memory: that by the mere force of his virtue and courage, he awed the Indian kings, and made them submit and bring presents: that notwithstanding such a stern and invincible resolution,

there was seldom seen a milder and more tender heart than his was ; that he had nothing in him counterfeit and sly, but was open, honest, and sincere : and that they never knew a soldier before him so free from those military vices of wine, *tobacco*, debts, dice, and oaths."





Caulfield Exc: 1797.

John Trehearne.

JOHN TREHEARNE,

COMMONLY called Gentleman Porter to James I. (to distinguish him from Walter Parsons, the gigantic porter to the same monarch) was a person of good estimation about the court, and from his effigies, still preserved with his monument in St. Mary Overies church, Southwark, appears to have been neither larger nor smaller than the common race of mankind. It was common with many of our early kings to keep in their retinue, giants, dwarfs, and jesters; Trehearne, from every appearance, seems to have held his place by a different tenure, and from the sumptuousness of his monument must have been possessed of considerable property. The date of his death is not recorded.

An Epitaph upon John Trehearne, Gentleman Porter to King James the First.

Had kings a power to lend their subjects breath,
Trehearne, thou shouldst not be cast down by death;

Thy royal master still would keep thee then,
 But length of days are beyond reach of men;
 Nor wealth, nor strength, nor great men's love can ease,
 The wound death's arrows make, for thou hast these.
 In thy king's court good place to thee is given,
 Whence thou shalt go to the king's court in heaven.





MRS ANNE TURNER.

*Executed Nov.^r 15th 1615. for the Murder of Sir Tho.^s Overbury.
From a very rare Print.*

Pub.^d July 23. 1813. by R. S. Kirby. 11 London House Yard.

ANN TURNER

IS described as “ a gentlewoman that from her youth had been given over to a loose kind of life, of low stature, fair visage, for outward behaviour comely, but in prodigality and excess riotous, by which course of life she had consumed the greatest part of her husband’s means and her own.” She was the widow of a physician that had attended the Countess of Essex, who wishing for a confidant in her amour with the Earl of Somerset, before her divorce from Essex, applied to this Mrs. Turner for that purpose. The latter being reduced in circumstances after the death of her husband, readily undertook any business that might tend to her profit. Being let into the secret of the Countess’s affairs, she repaired to Doctor Forman at Lambeth, for the purpose of obtaining a charm to fascinate Somerset’s love towards the Countess, and to rid her of Essex by poison : the first of these purposes was accomplished more by the

blandishments of the Countess, than by the magic of the Doctor; and the latter only prevented by Forman's fear of an halter.

On the divorce of the Countess of Essex, it was publicly reported she was to be married to Carr, then Viscount Rochester; on which his most particular friend, Sir Thomas Overbury, remonstrated with him on the impropriety of matching with so abandoned a character. The freedom of this advice created in Carr an aversion to Overbury, which only ended in the death of the latter; for getting James I. to appoint him ambassador to the Low Countries, he persuaded Overbury to reject the employment, as he would lose by being removed from the court, the opportunity of more permanent employment, promising him, that if the king should be offended at the refusal, he, the viscount, would bear him through without injury; instead of which he aggravated Overbury's refusal so much, that James committed him close prisoner to the Tower. The then Lieutenant, Sir William Wade, being of too honest a principle for Carr's purpose, he was suddenly removed, and the place given to Sir Jervas Yelvis, a person every way

qualified to answer the purpose intended. Then it was that Mrs. Turner began to act her part; for recommending one Weston to the lieutenant, as the keeper of Overbury, she, for a sum of money promised from the Lady Essex, engaged him to end Sir Thomas, which was effected by administering in every thing he ate some particles of poison, which Mrs. Turner procured from a man named Franklin, (Forman, her former agent, being dead). For this murder were executed Sir Jervas Yelvis, Sir Thomas Monson, Richard Weston, James Franklin, and Mrs. Turner, with this particular sentence pronounced on her by the Lord Chief Justice Coke, “that, as she was the first inventor and wearer of yellow starched ruffs and cuffs, so he hoped she would be the last that wore them, and for that purpose strictly charged she should be hanged in that garb, that the fashion might end in shame and detestation.” In addition to the above sentence he declared, “that she had the seven deadly sins, viz. a whore, a bawd, a sorcerer, a witch, a papist, a felon, and a murderer—the daughter of the devell.” His hope was fully accomplished, as never from the day, No-

venber 15th, 1615, she was executed at Tyburn, was the yellow ruff seen to be worn.

The original from which Mrs. Turner's portrait is engraved, was taken from a printed sheet in the collection of the Antiquarian Society, London; which, with that of Sir Jervas Yelvis, is preserved in a large volume of dying speeches, forming a series of the greatest curiosity and probably unique.





SIR JERVAS YELVIS.

*Executed Nov: 20th 1645. for the Murder of Sir Tho: Overbury.
From a very rare Print.*

Pub: July 23. 1813 by R. S. Kirby. 11. London House Yard.

SIR JERVAS YELVIS*.

SIR JERVAS YELVIS, a gentleman of Lincolnshire, was brought up to the study of the law, and sometime of Lincoln's Inn, but being of an unsettled and ambitious nature, was continually in search of some place or post under the crown, until he procured the situation which proved his ruin.

Previously to the confinement of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower, the then Lieutenant, Sir William Wade, being of too noble and independent a principle, to be made an instrument in the vile conspiracy against Overbury, was displaced from his office as Lieutenant, on the ground that he had exercised his authority with too little severity against the Lady Arabella Stuart, having allowed her the use of a key when she was in confinement, while he gave too little liberty to others

* Some writers spell it *Elwes*.

in the same situation. Another cause assigned was that he had grown rich and careless, and neglected the duties of his office. Sir Jervas Yelvis, it is reported, gained the place by the payment of a considerable sum of money, and is said to have been guilty of great extortions during the time he remained in the post, and for that cause he made the Earl of Northampton and Rochester the whole end of all his study, fearing their displeasure more than that of the king himself. Actuated by these motives, he readily came into every measure which they proposed, as thinking the favourite Rochester would always bear him harmless, and in that persuasion he became an accessory in the intended murder, and even undertook the office of sounding the disposition of Sir Thomas towards the Countess of Essex, which he communicated to the Earl of Northampton in a letter which sealed his own destruction; as the confederates in Overbury's murder no longer maintained the least reserve, but compelled him to co-operate and associate with the lowest villains whom they had engaged in their wicked project.

One Weston, a main instrument in the murder,

who had been taken into the service of the Lieutenant on the recommendation of the Countess, having a glass in one hand and Sir Thomas's supper in the other, meeting Sir Jervas, he demanded of him with a kind of caution, whether he should give it to him (Sir Thomas) now or not? The Lieutenant stopt, and asked, What? To which Weston answered: Sir, know you not what is to be done? This address from one in Weston's situation alarmed Sir Jervas, who took him under a close examination, when he confessed upon what grounds he had proceeded, and acknowledged the receipt of the poison from the Countess, and to what end. The Lieutenant dismissed Weston, with advice to omit it for that time; but too late discovered that his participation in the crime had involved him as a confederate with the vilest of characters.

The history of this wicked conspiracy is recorded in almost every work which relates to the time of James I. and the trial, conviction, prayers, and execution of those concerned in the murder, may be seen at length in "Truth brought to light by Time, or Narrative of the first fourteen Years of King James I."

Sir Jervas Yelvis suffered on Tower Hill, on Monday, 20th of November, 1615. In his dying speech he observes, that having been much addicted to gaming, he had often vowed and prayed "Let me be hanged if ever I play any more," and takes this his fate as a judgment on him for the violation of his vows so often made and broken.

It is extremely remarkable, that although the whole of the accessaries were executed, the principals who were found guilty, escaped punishment by a most unparalleled act, viz. a lease granted on their lives, for ninety-nine years!



Archee, the Kinges Iester.



*Archee by King's and princes gract of late
Iested him-self into a fayer estate
And in this Booke, doth to his friends Commend
His Ieeres, Taunts, Tales, which no man can offend.*

From a rare Print in the Collection of Sam^l Ireland Esq^r

Pub.^d June 11th 1794 by F. Caulfield and T. Herbert.

ARCHIBALD ARMSTRONG.

“ Archee, by kings and princes grac’d of late,
“ Jested himself into a fair estate;
“ And in this book* doth to his friends commend
“ His jeers, taunts, tales; which no man can offend.”

ARCHY, who was a great master of grimace and buffoonery, was jester, or fool, to James I. and his son Charles. His famous reply to the former of

* There are many jests in this book which were never uttered by Archy, and which are indeed, in general, very unworthy of him. It has been justly observed, that no nation in the world abounds so much in jest-books as the English. Under this head may come Tarlton’s Jests, the witty Apophthegms of James I. and the Marquis of Worcester, and some of those of Lord Bacon. We have also the Court and State Jests, in noble drollery; England’s Jester; and the Oxford, Cambridge, and Coffee-house Jests. In the reigns of George II. and III. were published the Jests of Ben Jonson, the Earl of Rochester, Tom Brown, Joe Miller†, Fernando Foot, Mrs. Pilkington, and Beau Nash: and almost every one of these medlies is thought to be intermixed with the no-jests of

† This book has been much read and studied by the speakers and retailers of GOOD THINGS.

these princes, relative to his sending the heir to his crown into Spain, is too well known to be here repeated. He had a particular spleen against Bishop Laud, upon whom he was sometimes very sarcastical*. When the liturgy, which that prelate endeavoured by all means to introduce into Scotland, was absolutely rejected, and great tumults were raised upon that account, he said to him, tauntingly, "Who is fool now †?" The king, who was much offended at this impudent jest, ordered him to pull off his coat, and dismissed him. He was succeeded by Muckle John ‡, who was the last person that was retained as fool to the English court. Killigrew is said to have been jester to Charles II. but the Duke of Buckingham, the

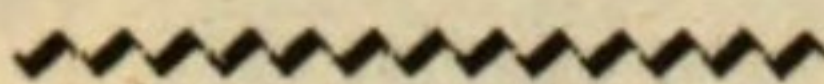
the compilers. The jests of Quin came forth presently after his death, and they were soon followed by those of Yorick and Shakespeare.

* He once, when the bishop was present, asked leave to say grace; which being granted him, he said, "Great praise be given to God, and little *Laud* to the *devil*."

† A stool was thrown at the dean's head, who first read it in the cathedral at Edinburgh. Archy said it was "the stool of repentance."

‡ See "Strafford's Papers," vol. ii. 154.

Earl of Rochester and Colonel Titus, were as much that king's jesters as he was.



On Archer the Fool, who was struck into a Swound with a Blow upon the Head with a Pot.

Vide "Wit's Interpreter," edit. 1671, p. 284.

Much wine will make dead drunk ; but 'twas thy lot
To taste of death by one poor single pot.
Fortune did favour fools ; but now we see
Sh'hath chang'd her tune, because men fools will be ;
And in her doom (for she it was) thought best
To die in earnest, though thou liv'd'st in jest,
As dead as a door nail thou art, but how ?
That's always knock'd on th' head, and so art thou :
Yet since thou liv'd'st so long without all reason,
To make thee senseless too was worse than treason :—
At least the same ; for him that knocks thee down,
Though thou'rt not scepter-arm'd, yet spoil'd the crown.
Thy loss we might lament, but that we see
Hundreds do live at court as well as thee,
And may go hence to bear thee company,
Unless a pardon come as suddenly.
Unpity'd was thy fate ; for some did cry,
E'en as he liv'd a fool, so did he die.
Thy sad mischance though they neglect, yet I
Would, had I leisure, nothing else but cry.
But since the time denies me to be sad,
If I do laugh, I sin ; if cry, I'm mad ;
Only I do relate thy death, and say,
If others be dispos'd to weep, they may.

FRANCIS BATTALIA.

The following curious Account of this Man is taken from Dr. John Bulwer's "Man transformed, or the Artificial Changing;" printed at London, 1653.

MAN naturally both cometh in, and goeth out of the world empty-handed; yet I saw in London the other day an *Italian*, one *Francis Battalia* by name, about thirty years of age, who was born with two stones in one hand, and one in the other; who, as soon as he was born, having the breast offered unto him, refused to suck; and when they would have fed him with pap, he utterly rejected that also; whereupon the midwife and nurse, entering into consideration of the strangeness of his birth, and refusal of all kind of nourishment, consulted with some physicians what they should do in this case. They, when they saw the infant re-



The true portraiture of a Roman youth. whose strang birth & life cannot sufficiently be admired hee was borne houlding 3 little stones in one hand. and in the other 2. & being hold to his Mothers brest he refused it with other sustenance. whereby his Father being Phisitian conjectured. that nature had given him these Stones for foode. & by trial finding it so. fed him always with stones & read-wine. which in 6 days space comes from him converted into sand. thus hee hath lived the space of 17 years.

Pub^d. by Caulfield and Co Nov^r. 2^d. 1794.

jected all that they could contrive for nourishment, told the women, that they thought the child brought it's meat with it into the world, and that it was to be nourished with stones : whereupon they wished the nurse to give him one stone in a little drink, which he very readily took into his mouth, and swallowed down ; and when he had swallowed all the three stones, and began to want his hard meat, the physicians advised the nurse to get some small pebbles, as like those which he was born with as she could, with the which kind of nourishment he was brought up ; and now, in this stone-devouring age, lest pebbles should be too plentiful and cheap, he subsists here among us with the same kind of aliment. His manner is to put three or four stones into a spoon, and so putting them into his mouth together, swallows them all down one after another ; then (first spitting) he drinks a glass of beer after them. He devours about half a peck of these stones every day ; and when he chinks upon his stomach, or shakes his body, you may hear the stones rattle as if they were in a sack ; all which in twenty-four hours are resolved, and once in three weeks he voids a great quantity of sand

by siege: after which digestion of them, he hath a fresh appetite to these stones, as we have to our victuals; and by these, with a cup of beer, and a pipe of tobacco, he hath his whole subsistence. He hath attempted to eat meat and bread, broth, milk, and such kind of food, upon which other mortals commonly live; but he could never brook any, neither would they stay with him to do him any good.

He is a black, swarthy, little fellow, active and strong enough, and hath been a soldier in Ireland, where he hath made good use of this property; for, having the advantage of this strange way of alimony, he sold his allowance of provision at great rates; for he told me, that at Limerick, in Ireland, he sold a sixpenny loaf and two pennyworth of cheese for twelve shillings and sixpence.

It seems the fellow, when he came first over, was suspected for an impostor, and was by command of the state shut up for a month, with the allowance of two pots of beer and half an ounce of tobacco every day, but was afterwards acquitted from all suspicion of deceit.

This stone-devouring monster, and *helluo lapi-*

dum, may be compared to him whom Lusitanus saw at *Ferrara*, who did eat hides, potsherds, or broken glasses, and concoct and digest them, inso-much that all men called him the ostrich, a bird of a wonderful nature, to concoct things devoured without any difference: but most resembles that beggar-boy whom Platerus speaks of, living by a miserable and horrid gain, who for four farthings would suddenly swallow many stones, which he every where met with by chance in any place, though they were as big as a walnut; so filling his belly, that by the collision of them, while they were pressed, the sound was openly heard; yet neither he, nor the stone-devouring Castilian, which *Abraham è Porta Leonis* speaks of too, are any way to be compared with him, for his rare faculty of concoction.

Mr. Boyle, speaking of *Battalia*, says, “Not long ago, there was here in England a private soldier, very famous for digesting of stones; and a very inquisitive man assures me, that he knew him familiarly, and had the curiosity to keep in his company for twenty-four hours together, to watch him; and not only observed that he ate nothing

but stones in that time, but also that his grosser excrement consisted chiefly of a sandy substance, as if the devoured stones had been in his body dissolved, and crumbled into sand."—*Boyle's "Exp. Philos."* Part II. Essay III.





That I may neither beare anothers blame
Through^d wronge suspitions nor yet act ye same
At any time hereafter, but prove true
Loe to be knowne yow have my face at viewe

JOHN CLAVELL.

THAT robbing on the highway, or any way, should, sometimes, be the consequence of a propensity to poetry, would not be much to be wondered at, as it so frequently entails poverty on its professors; but that robbing on the highway should be productive of poetry, is to be instanced, perhaps, only in the subject of these anecdotes.

John Clavell, gentleman, was of a respectable family; nephew, and heir at law to Sir William Clavell, Knight Banneret; and had a liberal education. Whether, or not, he was bred to any profession, or employment, that might have kept him from bad company, and pecuniary inconvenience; strong incentives to the commission of such offences, as had nearly brought this singular character to an ignominious end, is unknown; suffice it to relate that in the early part of the reign of King Charles I. he was apprehended for a highway robbery; on which occasion the following lines,

written by himself, were, previous to his trial, presented to the king.

“ I, that have robb’d so oft, am now bid stand,
Death and the law assault me, and demand
My life and means! I never used men so,
But, having ta’en their money, let them go;
Yet must I die! and is there no relief?
The King of kings took mercy on a thief!
So may my gracious king, in mercy, save me,
Although grim death and law do thus out-brave me.
God is his precedent, and men shall see
His mercy is beyond severity.”

He was condemned, with others, his associates;
but pardoned, at the intercession of the queen: in
grateful return for which benignity, he addressed
these not inelegant lines

“ TO HER NEVER TO BE EQUALLED MAJESTY, THE QUEEN
OF GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

“ Honour’s store-house, virtue’s story,
Fame’s best trophy, nature’s glory!
O may, with moss, the muses’ flood
Be overgrown, damm’d up with mud;
All their holy hills polluted,
And their oracles confuted,
If that they strain not all they may,
Now their best vows to you to pay;
And hoarse as ravens may they sing,
Who dare neglect their offering;

Or find a subject for a verse,
That any meaner worths rehearse !
You the true story are, and all
That's rich, fair, sweet, majestic;
The fullest wonder of our time,
For chronicles, in prose or rhyme;
And, like the rosy morn, do bless
Our drooping land with chearfulness;
Throwing your bounties every where,
As fresh and fragrant as the air :
The woodbines, and the violet,
The season of the year forget,
And to attend your sweetness, do
Grow every where you tread, or go.
I, in the autumn of my life,
When guilt and justice were at strife,
Was, by your royal breath, (strange thing !)
Unwither'd, turn'd into my spring.
Accept this sacrifice, great queen,
In which no merit can be seen,
But that your royal name do bless
My muse in her unworthiness.
And though no lustre crown my art,
Holy fire inspires my heart.
Obedience, duty, zeal, attend
The faithful tribute that I send.
So the gods accept of, still,
Not the offering, but the will.

*Celuy qui plus Honor vos Vertus,
& admire vostre Bonte, & Clemence,
& qui est le plus oblige a vostre
Majeste,*

JEHAN CLAVELL."

He remained however, a considerable time in confinement; during which, he addressed a copy of verses to the king, praying for his liberty, with this promised resolution, on receiving it.

“ ————— I do intend,
Whilst these your wars endure, even there to spend
My time, in that brave service.”

After he had regained his liberty, he addressed the following lines

“ TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, HIS EVER DEAR AND WELL
APPROVED GOOD UNCLE, SIR WILLIAM CLAVELL, KNIGHT
BANNERET.

“ Your hidden purposes, grave sir, that rest
Within the secret closet of your breast,
Have like predomination with my fate;
I shall be happy, or unfortunate,
As they assign me: you may justly take
A fair occasion, now, both to forsake,
And utterly renounce me; but, behold,
My God above (whose secrets are untold;
All things on earth, as he thinks best, decreeing,
What will my future actions be, foreseeing,)
Hath lent me life and mercy, by my king,
Who is his substitute in every thing.
Since, then, their doom is past, Oh! let not me,
Be new arraign'd by your severity.
Forget my foul offences, me and all,
Until some brave and noble actions shall

Bring you a-new acquainted. If again
I ever take a course that shall be vain,
Or, if of any ill I faulty be,
O then, for ever, disinherit me.

Your right sorrowful Nephew,

JOHN CLAVELL."

These, and the foregoing verses, with many other addresses, in prose and verse, to the king, nobility, judges, magistrates, clergy, &c. are prefixed to a poem of considerable length, written by him, during his confinement, of which the following is the title.

"A Recantation of an ill-led Life : Or, a Discovery of the Highway Law. With vehement dissuasions to all (in that kind) Offenders. As also, many cautelous Admonitions, and full Instructions how to know, shunne, and apprehend a Thiefe. Most necessary for all honest Travellers to peruse, observe, and practise."

The preface to which, is dated

"From my lonely, sad, and unfrequented chamber, in the King's Bench, October, 1627."

The epistle from "The Stationer to the Buyer," prefixed to the third edition, 4to. 1634, concludes thus—"the late, and general, false report of his

(*Clavell's*) relapse, and untoward death, made me most willing, again, to publish this work of his, to let you know, he not only lives, but hath also made good all these his promises, and strict resolutions ; insomuch, that it is become very disputable amongst wise men, whether they should more admire his former ill ways, or his now most singular reformation, whereat no man outjoys his friend, and your's,

RICHARD MEIGHEN."

The following extract from *Clavell's* preface to his "*Recantation*," while it serves as a specimen of his prose, will account to the reader for his writing and publishing it.

"The liveliest and best monuments of men, are their actions, and in those, their memories either die before them, in infancy, or survive them unto the farthest extent of perpetuity, in the fullest and fairest registers of time and glory ; both of these retain their subsistences, not in the brazen leaves of sepulchres, nor in the tongue-failing relation of succession : but in those paper records, which seldom forfeit them to loss, although assaulted by never so many alterations ; as the stories from the

first world, as well prophane, as divine, may wonderfully witness to all observers. This truth may question my discretion, that have made mine own hand the character of such actions as posterity will blush at; whose memory might easily have lost the thoughts of me in less than half an age, if thus I had not given it continuance, as lasting as the world. It is confest, in respect of myself, the answer is difficult; but, in respect of God, the world, and mine own conscience, I could contrive no fairer, or more real satisfaction. The sins of the dearest children of God have had their like punishments; *David's* murther and adultery must have *David's* written confession and contrition; *Solomon's* lasciviousness must have his own acknowledgment and recantation; and, to conclude, he that is ashamed to confess the illls that he has been conscious of, argues too palpably that he is a great many leagues from repentance; and is more in love with his sin, than his amendment. Believe in charity, this is my resolution; that mine own free detection of this pernicious and common vice, might not only kill the fear of my impossible relapses, but be a just deterrer of all the

worshippers of this course; whilst I shall be happy to be either censured, or forgotten, by them for whose amendment I owe my prayers; and will religiously invoke, that they may either become new men, like me, or else, that they may know my resolution hath built me beyond the aspersions of their poisons."

It is apparent that this man merited the favour he received; and, probably, performed gallant service to his merciful Prince: may no stain, therefore, remain upon his memory, for his former misdeeds; but, rather, may he be held up to the frail part of posterity, as an example worthy every vicious man's imitation.

We read of strange effects which the violent death of *Charles the First* had upon many of his adherents, and well-wishers; if *Clavell* survived his sovereign, what must have been his feelings, when he knew *the Saviour of his life wanted that mercy, he had formerly shewn to him!*

END OF VOLUME I.

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Caulfield, James

Portraits, memoirs and characters of remarkable persons from the reign of
Edward II. to the revolution

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